

The CANADIAN FORUM

Thirty-First Year of Issue

April, 1951

The Cole War

► HOW SHOULD WE be approaching the problem of the so-called Cold War? There are two dangerous schools of thought—schools of emotion, rather—which are diametrically opposed, equally fallacious, and apparently wide in their appeal. One is represented by General Douglas MacArthur, who may not be capable of thought; the other by Professor G. D. H. Cole, who seems to have been frightened out of using what is possibly one of the finest minds of the day. Both stem from a lamentable failure to grasp what the Cold War is about.

The MacArthur line, "We must fight Communism wherever it appears," puts a finger very neatly on just what is not, and must not become, the object of Western policy. The object of Western policy is to prevent war. War is the enemy and peace is the object. Muscovite Communism is an enemy precisely and solely because its leaders have no scruples against using war to achieve their aims. That it is also an odious political system is important, but quite irrelevant to the question of war or peace. To threaten military action against all new manifestations of Communism would make the West as great an enemy of peace as the Soviet Union; and it would give the Communists no choice of any other method of advancing their cause.

Mr. Cole expressed his feelings in an article in *The New Statesman* of February 3—an article which apparently evoked a wide and enthusiastic response in a considerable section of British public opinion. It is headed "As a Socialist Sees It," and this title brings out the basic weakness of Mr. Cole's position. Socialism in fact is not an issue in the present conflict, except that socialists stand for high standards of goodwill and liberty which are violated frequently by all powers and incessantly by the USSR. But Mr. Cole's use of the word "Socialist" in the context has a special psychological significance. Like many other socialists, he cannot quite forget that the Russians carry a red flag; and though he sets it down that he distrusts all Communists he cannot rid himself of the notion that they are somehow preferable to "reactionaries."

Dealing with the Korean affair, Mr. Cole absolves the North Koreans of the charge of aggression on the grounds that they violated no real international frontier and that South Korea was ruled by a "hopelessly reactionary puppet." Now, aggression is surely not to be defined as the violation of legal boundaries. Aggression is the voluntary use of mur-

derous violence to achieve the ends of policy. The nations of the world oppose war because in war people are killed, maimed, and made destitute. The United Nations was formed to prevent the use of murder as an instrument of policy.

Mr. Cole argues that even Communism is preferable to "reactionary landlordism backed by foreign force against the will of the people." Perhaps, in Asia, it is. But this is a silly picture of the South Korean situation. By January, 1950, the United States had withdrawn all heavy arms from Korea and had warned Syngman Rhee that if he attacked the North he would get no more help of any kind. In May, a new and progressive Assembly was elected that would have made Mr. Rhee a lame duck for the rest of his term. But Communists are always concerned to keep their enemies reactionary: so, before the new Assembly could meet, the North Koreans crossed the parallel, and the people began to die.

Turning to Europe, Mr. Cole gives his reasons for disliking the idea of rearming Germany, and they are cogent reasons. But he proceeds to the melodramatic conclusion that if Western Germany is armed—in fact, if Britain merely consents to the idea—a future war with the Soviet Union will not be "in any sense a war for freedom and democracy."

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It is true that warfare is at best an unpromising way of achieving freedom and democracy (a fact which Mr. Cole forgets when he thinks of the North Koreans). But it is pernicious nonsense to say that a war in which, once it had begun, the choice would be between resistance and Soviet hegemony, would be *in no sense* for freedom.

Mr. Cole's extravagances are all the more dangerous because he is so nearly right. When he repudiates what he says is the American attitude that the U.N. is "part of the mechanism of the West in the Cold War against Communism," he is singling out that type of thinking which we have attached, above, to the name of General MacArthur. And certainly, in the whole handling of the Korean affair from the first recrossing of the Parallel, the Secretary of State has made alarming concessions to the MacArthur mind. The Americans have often been inexcusably obstinate in their dealings with the Russians. They have been consistently wrong-headed in their dealings with China. They have often been self-righteous, selfish, and obtuse. But they have also been patient in the face of extreme provocation, decisive (in their first response to the Korean outbreak), and imaginatively generous (in Marshall Aid).

It is the special obligation of people of goodwill in the West, and particularly of us who are outside the United States, to keep the issues clear and to keep our independence of thought and action. It is essential, unfortunately, to build up enough military strength, quickly enough, to dissuade the Russians from plunging into war. It is essential to take quick action against aggressors. It is equally essential to repudiate all, whether they are persons or governments, who want to transform the Cold War against war into a military crusade against Communism. Above all, it is essential to approach the areas of the world that are still in neither side's orbit with understanding, with help, and without General MacArthur.

We can and must make it clear to the Americans that our struggle and theirs is for a world in which competition between powers will not take the form of war—whether it is atomic or the plain old-fashioned kind: that our object is not to win the next war, but to avert it. But we must also make it clear to ourselves that we have no reason to regard the rulers of Russia as anything but the dangerous and unscrupulous tyrants who have brought these terrors on us.

O.S.A. Exhibition Twenty-Five Years Ago

VOL. 6, No. 67, APRIL, 1926, *The Canadian Forum*

Who is to portray Canada if it be not the Canadians themselves? In spite of the fact that critics are sometimes cruel and the public cold, Canadian art is worth while. It is as inevitable as Canadian trade, or Canadian agriculture, or Canadian geology. Art must be national, and, like all these enterprises, can be fostered and encouraged or discouraged and destroyed. After the 'old masters' and the eager crowds at the recent opening of the new galleries, there was some speculation as to the reception of the O.S.A. exhibition. Would our own artists produce pictures worthy of the new galleries? It may now be conceded that there was little cause for anxiety. The effect for the most part is pleasing. There is plenty of originality and force which may ripen with smoothness of execution and maturity of technique into real greatness. On the whole there is deep meaning in the exhibition and a good augury for the future.

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Editorial Board: C. R. Feilding, Edith Fowke, Helen Frye, Northrop Frye, Donald Gardner, C. A. Grassick, Felix Lazarus, Kay Morris, Doris Mosdell, John Nicol, Allan Sangster, Milton Wilson.

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The Wheat Payment

The current hullabaloo over the \$65,000,000 payment from the Federal Treasury to the wheat farmers of the West as a final settlement on the overseas shipments under the British contract raises a variety of issues so complex that no single application of principle can begin to cover them. Perhaps no act of the federal government in recent years has created so much confusion of thought both within the ranks of government itself and among the public.

Agriculture Minister Gardiner finds himself under fire from three quarters. His cabinet colleagues are critical of his assumption that the British government defaulted on the contract and resent his implication that the Canadian government, as a principal to the contract, was bound to make good the default to the wheat growers. Most people who have studied the "have regard to" clause in the contract will agree that almost any interpretation at all would be equally valid.

The wheat growers, on the other hand, are loudly dissatisfied with the amount of the payment and feel that they have been chiselled out of the difference between what they received from Britain and what they think they could have made had their wheat been sold on the open world market. They are not greatly impressed by the argument that they probably couldn't have sold the wheat anywhere else in any event, and that the world price might not have been what it was if the Canadian supply had been available in free competition.

The taxpayers—or rather those instruments of opinion which regard themselves as the spokesmen for the taxpayer—are angry over what they regard as a "farmer raid on the Treasury." They are not impressed when they are told that the \$65,000,000 represents only a very small return to the farmer on the amount by which the farmer subsidized the Canadian consumer during the war years and after by giving him flour at far below the world price. Nor is this explanation palatable to the rest of the Canadian farmers who feel that they, too, contributed generously to the cheap food policy from which the consumer benefited. Is there any \$65,000,000 for them?

This whole fiasco opens up the problem of what should be done to avoid a repetition in future. Should Canadian agriculture, in its commercial relations with both the domestic and export markets, be permitted to stand on its own feet and accept responsibility to its members for any deals it may make?

April Fool?

As we write it remains to be seen whether the Postmaster-General will be an April Fool or not. At all events he has given assurance that the mail delivery tangle will be straightened out by April 1st, and that the carriers after that date will be working six eight-hour days with every twelfth week off to bring the average down to a forty-four-hour week. One delivery a day in residential districts is now said to be settled government policy, and apparently the budget estimates for this show a saving of three-and-a-half million dollars. Such a changeover was bound to make for temporary confusion and we shall be interested to see how

much of it has been cleared up by the beginning of April. The government has also given assurance that it intends to re-hire as many of the twelve hundred "surplus" carriers and clerks as possible in other civil service posts. The government in fact has done its best to look economical, humane, and sensible; but is it?

Mail carriers, we are told, are paid \$1,800 a year with annual increments of \$120 up to \$2,340. They are one class of civil servant whose honesty, hard work, and usefulness is seldom doubted. When one considers the vastness of some government bungalows, and the highly paid civil servants involved in them, the economy on postmen seems rather cheap. (If the cabinet were to dispense only with the services of the Minister of Agriculture, the consequent savings might make the Postmaster-General's economy look like pin money!) This kind of thing lends color to the suspicion that government economies fall most heavily on those least able to afford them. The mail carriers themselves are beginning to point out moreover that the health cost of their traditional rain or shine, mud or snow delivery policy is a high one. Wes Bayliss of the Letter Carriers Union is reported to have said that nine out of ten men are leaving the service before sixty with heart, lung, and stomach ailments. Before this is brushed off as exaggeration it should be investigated, and for this no Royal Commission is needed. The eleven-hour day and sixty-hour week charges made early in March may only have pointed to a barely excusable strain in an interim period; but citizens can verify the interim nature of this period for themselves after April 1st. The mailman is everyone's friend, and his working hours can be no secret. In the meanwhile we shall continue to think that the government, in this matter, is trifling with both economy and humanity—and with the delivery of the mail.

Ontario vs. Discrimination

During the current session the Frost government of Ontario has introduced two measures designed to reduce discrimination in employment. The "Fair Employment Practices Act" provides that employers shall not discriminate against employees because of race, creed, color, or national origin. The "Fair Remuneration for Female Employees Act" provides that women who do the same work as men will get the same pay. Neither bill is wholly satisfactory to those who have been demanding legislation on these subjects, but the fact that they were introduced at all is a landmark in Canadian history. Ontario is the first province to pass either FEP or equal-pay legislation.

Of the two, the FEP Act is the more satisfactory. Its two main weaknesses are that complaints must be initiated by individuals, and that it does not establish a permanent commission to investigate and conciliate when discrimination occurs. However, even with these flaws, it is likely to be more effective than the sections dealing with discrimination in employment in Saskatchewan's Bill of Rights. The Saskatchewan legislation is much broader in scope, but it does not provide machinery to enforce its provisions. Hence, anyone suffering discrimination has to launch a civil action in the courts. In Ontario complaints will be made to the Director of the Fair Employment Practices Branch of the Department of Labor, who may then recommend the appointment of a conciliation officer or a commission.

The Fair Remuneration for Female Employees Act is open to more criticism. Its chief flaw is that it provides for the same pay for "the same work," instead of for "comparable work," thus severely limiting its application. Other flaws are that complaints must be launched by employees, and there is no provision to protect them against intimidation; the procedure for securing a conviction is unnecessarily complicated; and the maximum penalty of one hundred dollars is much too low to be effective. However, despite these flaws, we must recognize that this is the first time that any British Commonwealth government has introduced such a bill. Neither the Labor governments of Britain, New Zealand, and Australia, nor the CCF government of Saskatchewan have passed equal-pay legislation. And once any legislation is on the statute books, it becomes possible to amend it to make it more effective.

Perhaps the most significant thing about these bills is that they are proof that in a democracy we can get the laws we want if we work at it. A few years ago anyone who predicted that Canada's only Conservative government would be the first to pass either FEP or equal-pay legislation would have been regarded as weak in the head. However, the anomaly is not as strange as it seems. Discrimination in employment is most marked in Ontario because it is the most highly industrialized province, and hence the opposition to such discrimination has been strongest here. As the groups who wanted such legislation became more informed and more vocal, the ideas gained wider support until the government decided that the time had come to fall in line with public opinion. We can't quite picture Mr. Frost as a knight in shining armor riding to the defence of the UN charter, but we do salute him as a smart politician who knows on which side his ballots are buttered.

Montreal Vice Probe

The Montreal Citizens' Committee may lack the direct approach of the Vigilantes of the Wild West, but there are not a few in Montreal, nevertheless, who hope it may uncover something worth tar and feathers in the current probe into police corruption and gambling. The vice probe, or, as some prefer, the police probe, has entered its seventh month before the Superior Court. Director of Police, J. Albert Langlois, and some forty of his officers and men are on charge. Evidence presented so far has established that a definite "system" was in existence between police and gambling establishments. Mr. Justice Francois Caron, satisfied with evidence of secondary importance given by book-makers and gamblers, has asked Pacificque Plante, counsel for the petitioners of the Citizens' Committee, to bring the "fellows with the big names" in the local gambling industry to the witness box. At the time it developed that most of them, according to their lawyers, were "on business" out of town—New York, Miami, Chicago. Several prominent Montrealers, including an owner of a swank oriental-style night club on the city outskirts, have been mentioned as big names.

The hearing so far has been prolonged by technical objections to the presentation of evidence, and, recently, by the question of who shall pay court costs. Mr. Justice Caron, who, incidentally, comes from Hull, Que., told the court the city has a "moral obligation to see that the probe is continued." He asked the city to guarantee \$2,000 toward costs. City officials were willing to argue their obligation to pay.

A sidelight to the probe is the squabble over police protection for "Pax" Plante. As of March 2, the city had

paid for \$19,403.60 worth of bodyguard. March 16 the guard was discontinued. Mr. Plante, in a letter to Mayor Camillien Houde and the city Executive Committee, said he would hold them "personally responsible for any consequences resulting from [his] being unprotected." If Mr. Plante survives, rumor now has it that an investigation may be demanded into his brief regime as Assistant Police Director.

This is the third city vice probe in the memory of older Montrealers. If it is able to continue, this probe may uncover dirty work in high places. Even so, it may be as easily forgotten as the other two.

To Control or Not to Control...

Conclusive evaluation of provincial rent control legislation is premature. The federal government is not vacating this field until April 30, while several of the provinces that have adopted or are projecting legislation are freezing rents from that date to August 1, to allow time for negotiation of leases. However, even a mere roll call of the provinces on this matter is not very enlightening.

Reading from right to left: Newfoundland continues with the controls it had prior to confederation with Canada. The Maritimes have been generally silent as to their intended action, if any, though the problem of rents can't be very serious for Prince Edward Island with or without controls. Quebec has frozen rents to August 1, is setting up an appeal commission representing tenants, landlords, and the provincial government, and is appointing local administrators in area-units of 100,000 people, whose decisions may be appealed to the above commission. Ontario's legislation is in the rumor stage at this writing, though it is expected there will be a law on the books shortly. From Manitoba there has been a vague rumor. Saskatchewan, generally, is continuing federal practices with differences that should be given more consideration than would be fair in a short paragraph. Alberta has already passed legislation, while British Columbia has not even produced a rumor.

Calling the Tune

Just about this time every year most of us start shuffling through our papers in the futile search for ways of lowering our income tax. In the end, of course, we pay up, grieving at the amount, and dreaming of the many ways we could spend it to better advantage.

Although pay deductions may serve to ease the burden, the total still comes as something of a shock. For there we see the full amount set out in black, ineradicable figures. And then we realize that those billions in the headlines must come, in the long run, from our own pocket.

This realization is good. For at no other time in the year are we more aware of what "they" are doing in Ottawa. Right now, for example, they are up to something that is not very good. They're figuring on a way of allowing the provinces to sneak a hidden tax on retail sales that would automatically jump the cost of most things by another 3 per cent.

At present, five provinces impose a direct turnover tax which is tacked onto the customer's bill at the point of sale. The proposed legislation will permit these provinces to bury the tax and it will encourage other provinces to obtain additional revenue through such hidden means.

Taxation is a necessary part of modern life, but here, as with anything else, we have a right to know how much we are paying in order to judge the value of what we are getting. If additional taxation is necessary let us keep it out in the open where we can grumble as we pay. There is a controlling balance between our personal wishes and our pocket books. It would be wise to keep this same balance between the service our governments render and the charges we pay in return.

Thumbprint

Wismer rhymes with Lismar, but that's no reason for the member of the Ontario Legislative Assembly, possessor of the name first mentioned above, to suppose that this gives him license to say what the people of Ontario shall or shall not see in their art galleries. (See "O Canada" in this issue.) Neither this, nor the fact that he is an MPP, makes him an authority on art. Every man is his own authority. Public galleries should encompass enough variety to satisfy all tastes. If Mr. Wismer felt compelled to speak at all on art, he should have protested, as a member of a liberal political party, the meagreness of the provincial grant to the Toronto Gallery. From government pressure on art it would be but a few steps (up or down) to regulation of neckwear design. Some authoritarian governments have already reached that stage.

To Our Readers

Effective with this issue, Number 1 of Volume 31, our subscription price will be \$5 for one year, \$8.50 for two years. Continuing increases in our production costs have

forced us to make this change. At the same time we are using better paper, improved type faces, and a new front page heading designed by Thoreau MacDonald.

Letter From London

Stella Harrison

► TODAY THE REV. ALAN BALDING, M.A., moves in to his office in the new Trinity Congregational Church in the East India Dock Road. Reading this in Toronto, or Halifax, or Winnipeg, you may wonder why, with all that is going on in London this spring, I should choose to report the movements of an obscure nonconformist pastor in Poplar, E. 14. I can only say that Trinity is no ordinary chapel and that what Poplar does today hundreds of urban areas everywhere may well do tomorrow.

This is Festival of Britain year, and if you have the good fortune to come here during the Festival, whatever else you may miss—Canterbury, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, even the Great Exhibition on the South Bank of the Thames—you must not miss Poplar. An article in a London evening paper a few weeks back included the Poplar Exhibition of Live Architecture among the Festival sideshows. Illustrating the article, there was a photograph of the model for the new Congregational church, exhibited in the Royal Academy last year. Mr. Balding was not entirely happy about being listed as a sideshow; but Trinity is part of the grand conception for transforming a derelict bomb-site on the fringe of dockland into a modern community neighborhood.

Two and a half years ago, the government asked the Festival of Britain authorities to provide an exhibition of



FATHERS' DAY!

architecture, town planning, and building research. Instead of putting up a huge temporary structure to display plans, photographs, and models, the Festival architectural council had an inspiration to build a number of housing units of various types, in permanent materials, full size, so that they could be occupied and constitute a "living" exhibition. That was the birth of the idea of the Lansbury Neighborhood Unit.

I went down to the east end in the traditional sight-seers' way of my girlhood, on the top deck of a bus. Festival visitors this summer will be able to travel by the older traditional way, by water. Easy access from the City and the main Festival grounds on the South Bank was one of the two determining factors in selecting this site, it was explained to me by Mr. Godfrey-Gilbert, Technical Co-ordinator for the Festival, whom I had the luck to meet on the job. A special landing-stage on the Thames will be ready for the water-bus passengers from up-river.

The other factor was the almost total devastation by bombing of an area already due for reconstruction. A photograph taken from the air in 1946 shows open spaces where five hundred houses stood on thirty acres of one of London's most crowded boroughs. It was virtually an open site. The only clearing to be done was of hollow shells or buildings damaged beyond lasting repair. That was the position when the Festival of Britain authorities, in consultation with the London County Council Planning Authority, made it their choice.

They planned for the erection of apartments, terraces of houses, old people's homes, a school, a shopping centre, and churches. The school and half the dwellings will be occupied when the Exhibition opens—one block of flats already has the variegated curtains of fifteen families blowing at its wide windows. The rest are to be completed and occupied as the Exhibition proceeds, so that visitors can study them in process of construction. In the middle of the neighborhood stands a red and white striped marquee 120 feet by 40. The models and pictures of the Town Planning and Research exhibit will be shown here; then, later, when the expenditure can be sanctioned, the Health Centre will be built on this central spot.

Twenty yards further east rises the tall square tower of Trinity Chapel. The old church built by the nineteenth century benefactor George Green stood for more than a hundred years. In 1940, its hundredth year, Hitler's bombs started to rain down the fire and destruction in which Trinity was damaged thirty times.

Under the leadership of William Dick, Trinity already had a magnificent record of succouring those in need of help and encouragement. After each of fifty-seven consecutive nights of all-night bombing, it was natural for the homeless to come to Trinity for food, clothing, and shelter—and for strength. The pews were filled with the sorted and classified clothing collected from all over Britain and from overseas. The Sunday and weekday services were held sometimes in the air-raid shelter, sometimes in whichever room happened to be least damaged, but they were held without a break until the church was totally destroyed by a flying bomb in 1944. Twenty-four hours later the indomitable band had started their work afresh in borrowed premises.

The old church was built for the large congregations and limited social activities of the Victorian era; and though a hall and other accommodation had been added, the whole was barely adequate for modern requirements. It was spacious and dignified, however, and commodious in comparison with the temporary quarters of the next six years,

in the former Poplar Guardians' building. This historic edifice, scene of the struggles of Will Crookes and of George Lansbury versus the "Guardians of the Poor" (and later Lansbury and the Guardians versus the government of the day), is now itself due for demolition.

Once the Festival and the London County Council authorities had chosen that part of Poplar for their purpose, they got into touch with the Trinity people and their architects. There must have been a fair amount of bargaining—a rod maybe of the disused burial ground against a pole or perch of rubble for a permanent garden—but the result was the permit to build. Work on the site started last April. Today the church resurgent witnesses to the belief that religion is a contemporary activity.

There is nothing mock-gothic or mock-anything else about the new Trinity Chapel. It is as relevant to the mid-century as are the labor-saving fittings in the new housing units down the road. The simple cross high on the uncompromising west façade, the flat roof and arched concrete struts and buttresses, the concrete-pillared porch and cloisters are as honest in design as man could make them. Daylight enters from windows up to ceiling level and fills the church evenly. It is still encumbered with planks and encompassed with scaffolding but, seeing what has been done in eleven months, I personally am confident that the inaugural service will be held in May as hoped.

Parallel with the church is the hall, again light and airy and beautifully proportioned, and linking the two wings is the long, low, glass-walled block of Sunday School and play rooms, the William Dick games room for men, and the women's sitting room named for his wife Helen Blair



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Dick. Here too is the kitchen—and the minister's room, occupied as from today.

Amid the banging and trampling that must go on until the buildings are completed, the minister will carry on the organization and conduct the vast correspondence that fund-raising entails. For the approval and goodwill of the authorities have not meant anything financially to the Trinity people. Apart from compensation for war damage, they are having to raise the funds for rebuilding themselves.

Last summer it looked as though they were only ten thousand pounds short of the estimated cost. Today rising prices have made nonsense of the estimates. As the building nears completion, the load of debt increases. The people with the faith and vision to rebuild do not now know how many thousands they owe; nor do the thousands who will visit the Lansbury Neighborhood yet know how much they owe to that persistent vision and enduring faith.

(London, England, March 9, 1951).

The Doukhobors of B.C.

Stuart Jamieson

► FEW IMMIGRANT GROUPS have presented so difficult, and in some ways spectacular, a problem in Canada as have the Doukhobors, a unique religious sect of Russian origin. Numerically they are insignificant. Some 7,000 to 8,000 in Saskatchewan and Alberta seem now to have become adjusted more or less successfully to their environment. It is the main group of 10,000 to 12,000 in the West Kootenay region of British Columbia that presents the main problems.

The Doukhobors in B.C. today comprise three main groups: First there is the *Orthodox* element, numbering some 5,000 to 6,000 people, the majority of whom belong to an organization known as the Union of Spiritual Communities of Christ. They live mainly in rural villages and small towns, in what were once communal enterprises. They represent the core of the Doukhobor movement, a group of people who seek to retain their traditional language, culture, and system of religious beliefs while making a peaceful adjustment to the Canadian way of life.

Secondly, there is the *Independent* element, numbering some 3,000 to 4,000 people. They comprise individual Doukhobors who have become partially or almost entirely assimilated. That is to say, while they still pay lip-service to the Doukhobor religious philosophy, they have severed most formal ties with exclusively Doukhobor organizations and left the distinct Doukhobor communities to live in their own separate residences on farms or in cities.

And finally, there is the group known as the *Sons of Freedom*, a fanatical wing numbering possibly 3,000 people. They are uncompromising fundamentalists who tend to react violently against forces in the Canadian environment which they feel threaten fundamental Doukhobor values.

The so-called "Doukhobor problem" tends to be identified in the public mind almost entirely with the activities of the Sons of Freedom—their refusal to register for vital statistics, to pay taxes, or send their children to school; their nude parades, their bombings and burnings of their own and other people's property; and so on. Such behavior, however, is only one symptom of broader underlying problems of maladjustment that seem to apply in greater or less degree to all Doukhobors. Where the reactions of the Sons of Freedom to these problems tend to be sensational and violent, the reactions of the Orthodox and Independent elements tend to be those of apathy, bewilderment, and general demoralization.

Stuart Jamieson, of the Department of Economics, at the University of British Columbia, is a member of a Research Committee of the University now engaged in a long-range study of the Doukhobors. Any expressions of opinion, of course, are those of the author and not of the Research Committee or the University.

At first glance the main problems of the Doukhobors might appear to be primarily economic in character. Like a number of other Russian and German religious sects in this country, they uphold the principle of a communal way of life based on a self-sufficient farm economy. In this regard they have faced several discouraging setbacks in Canada. Their first communal undertaking, which was begun in northern Saskatchewan shortly after their arrival in Canada in 1899, failed in 1904 when they lost title to their land through refusing to register it in individual quarter-sections as required under the Homestead Act. A more ambitious communal enterprise subsequently undertaken in the West Kootenay region of B.C. was plagued with factionalism and conflict. It finally went bankrupt in 1937, through inability to handle the large mortgage indebtedness which had been incurred. To prevent foreclosure and dispossession of thousands of Doukhobors, the provincial government paid the balance owing on the mortgages and thereby assumed title to their land and improvements. The occupants were allowed to remain.

Most Orthodox Doukhobors today are thus tenants on government-owned land, for which they pay small annual rentals. The Sons of Freedom, who refuse to pay rent or taxes, are technically *squatters*. Because they no longer have an ownership interest in the property, and their tenure is insecure, the Doukhobors have allowed the land, buildings, and other facilities to deteriorate. The majority today are only part-time farmers operating poorly maintained and uneconomically small tracts of land.

The majority of Doukhobors consequently have come to depend upon outside employment for the main part of their livelihood. Here too their position is in many ways unsatisfactory. At first glance they present the all-too-familiar picture of an economically insecure ethnic minority whose position in the community is rendered precarious by widespread prejudice and discrimination. They are practically all manual workers, concentrated to an extreme degree in a few highly seasonal trades and industries, namely, carpentering and general construction labor, logging and sawmilling. Only a handful are in the more highly-paid or secure proprietary, managerial, professional, sales, clerical, or other salaried white-collar jobs. Very few likewise are to be found in other major industries of the region, such as mining and smelting; in other skilled trades like those of plumbers, electricians, and mechanics; or in local transportation and service industries. And finally, only a few dozen Doukhobors all told are members of trade unions, business and professional organizations, or service clubs in the industries and communities in which they are employed.

In comparison with other wage-earners in the West Kootenay region, on the other hand, the Doukhobors on the whole seem to enjoy certain definite advantages. They are not concentrated in the lowest paid, most unskilled or menial tasks by any means. The industries and trades in which they specialize, as listed above, are generally skilled or semi-skilled and have relatively high rates of pay. Their concentration in seasonal industries is not only a matter of discrimination. It is also partly a matter of choice. For in such fields as logging, sawmilling and construction, where em-

ployment is unstable and intermittent, the Doukhobors are able to carry on their part-time farming activities. In this regard they enjoy lower costs of living and greater security of livelihood than do other seasonal workers. And unlike many other immigrant groups, as well as native-born wage-earners, the Doukhobors have not been crowded into the tenements and slums of large towns and industrial cities. They have retained their connection to the land and to village life.

By our standards, or those of the typical Canadian wage-earner, the Doukhobors would seem to be doing pretty well. What then, are their problems? What are they protesting about? What accounts for the growing demoralization among some of them, and the periodically violent outbreaks on the part of others?

The answer does not seem to lie primarily in the Canadian or British Columbian environment as such. It lies, rather, within the Doukhobors themselves, in their past history, their present culture, their system of religious beliefs, values, and motivations, and the dissatisfaction and unrest which these generate in the present environment.

The circumstances of their origin, to begin with, were such as to create a peculiar social structure among the Doukhobors. Their sect began as a protest movement against the established Church and State of Russia some three hundred years ago. Its main following was drawn from people in the peasant or *serf* class—a people who, in the feudal system of Russia, had been conditioned for centuries to a state of servitude. In breaking away from the established system they carried over much of their attitude of submissiveness and dependence upon authority *without* at the same time carrying over the feudal structure of authority that went with it. The Doukhobor social and political system thus became a confusing mixture of democratic and dictatorial principles, of servile dependence upon, and at the same time hostility to, authority. *In principle* it was a classless society in which all men were considered equal. There was no established bureaucracy, no priesthood, and no hierarchy of classes. *In fact* it developed into a system of highly centralized theocracy. Divine powers were attributed to such leaders as Peter (the Lordly) Veregin. They could command a fanatically obedient following, yet at the same time they were constantly faced with internecine strife and opposition.

The Doukhobor social structure was, and is, poorly integrated and peculiarly subject to breakdown. It held together, and the movement survived for some three centuries, only under special circumstances. Persecution by Church and State was one of these, as it forced the Doukhobors together into a cohesive group. Another was geographic isolation, which required a self-sufficient farm economy. At one period in their history they were exiled to a remote and thinly populated region of the Caucasus. When they did in time come into extensive contact with other peoples, their leaders could hold them together only by defining their beliefs and customs more rigidly, to differentiate the Doukhobors more sharply from other groups and thus achieve social, if not geographic, isolation.

Under such pressures the Doukhobor philosophy and way of life came to involve a steadily more elaborate set of beliefs and taboos that brought the movement into increasing conflict with its environment. Canadian as well as Russian. The first and major tenet of the Doukhobor creed has been, throughout, the refusal to bear arms and take life. Insofar as the use of force was identified with the State, the pacifism of the Doukhobors developed into opposition toward virtually every phase of activity identified with the State:

education, registration and licensing, collection and payment of taxes, and so on. From there, the Doukhobor creed came to condemn the institution of private property and the accumulation of wealth (and thus offered a rationalization to the extremists to destroy government and private property by fire). For wealth excites greed and envy in others, and thus serves to justify the need for governments and armed forces to protect property. This doctrine in turn gradually evolved into a puritanical code of passiveness and humility, that frowned upon virtually all personal expressions of competitiveness or self-assertion and all forms of enjoyment for its own sake (such as indulgence in liquor, tobacco, sex, games and dances). The weapon which the Doukhobors devised to protect themselves against attack from others was the one later made famous by Gandhi—namely, *passive resistance*. (Nudism is a relatively new and supplementary weapon of passive resistance devised by the Sons of Freedom in Canada. Its main explanation perhaps lies in its devastating effectiveness in Anglo-Saxon communities.)

The result of these trends has been to develop an impoverished culture and a peculiarly helpless type of people, in the sense of being unable *as a group*, on their own initiative, to devise rational means to organize and grapple with the problems that face them in a more complex society. Their culture and beliefs, and the various social pressures that enforce them, seem to suppress most outlets for individual energy and self-expression. These, in turn, have created attitudes of deep frustration and latent hostility that break out periodically, among the extremists, in acts of aggression against their environment. Their history has been one of extreme dependence upon land as a secure source of livelihood, and upon strong leadership to guide them and hold them together. Today they are a virtually landless and leaderless people. They have lost title to the land they occupy, and it is now owned by the government. Their leadership system, based upon hereditary succession, has broken down. While there are today a number of able leaders among the Doukhobors, no one of them has wide enough acceptance to prevent continued factionalism and disintegration. The Doukhobors thus tend to feel that they are operating in a vacuum, a prey to forces that they cannot interpret and understand, let alone control. Among the more orthodox this gives rise to a feeling of helplessness and drift, of passive resistance to they know not what. To the more fanatical and militant it creates a compulsion to strike out blindly—with the now traditional weapons of nudism and fire—against forces personified in government, that they feel threaten their survival.

Leadership In Industry

Harry J. Waisglass

► FOR MORE THAN six years the Canadian government has been engaged in the missionary task of promoting the formation of Labor-Management Production Committees. The results are hardly impressive.

While everyone agrees that greater voluntary cooperation between labor and management is desirable, the government's field representatives have by no means met with a generally enthusiastic response to their LMPC proposals. In its 1950 Report, the Federal Labor Department, which took over the functions of the Industrial Production Cooperation Board after the war, shows on record a mere 641 production committees covering about 250,000 workers. These figures seem to include about 150 committees in the transportation and communication industries, concentrated in two or three firms,

and organized several years before the Board came into existence. While a few committees are solidly established, based on a positive employee interest and participation, most of them are short-lived, dead, or dying. Had it not been for a well-trained and experienced field staff that is not easily discouraged by the coolness with which their committee proposals are received, the results would have been much less favorable.

Considering the ominous threat of anti-democratic forces throughout the world, we now need spontaneous labor-management cooperation more than ever before. On this more than anything else rests our hope for democratic survival. The times press for some frank and realistic thought on why we have not attained the desired level of voluntary cooperation.

There are a number of prevalent theories about labor-management cooperation. One theory holds that labor and management will cooperate only if there is a major threat to their common interests, as when a firm is in danger of bankruptcy and jobs are at stake. However, there have been many cases to disprove this rule. Another theory holds that if labor and management have the desire to cooperate, as well as sufficient common interests and objectives, they can find the ways and means of resolving their problems together. Yet too frequently labor and management with numerous interests in common have failed to get together on the crucial problems. Certainly, the will to cooperate, common interests, and good intentions are not enough. Nor will the cooperative machinery, in the form of LMPC's, automatically produce labor-management cooperation, if the controls exerted by absentee owners and directors serve to disrupt and frustrate the efforts of local management and union leaders to establish an adaptable and integrated social organization.

One major reason why few production committees have been established and why fewer have functioned effectively is that too many of our industrial leaders lack faith in democracy. And if they believe in democracy, they fail to demonstrate it in their actions. They seek to maintain a monopoly of information which gives them the comforting feelings of power and control and of an exclusive, "natural" right and ability to make decisions on behalf of subordinates. Such autocratic leaders do not respect the rank-and-file and distrust its ability to make "right" decisions. To attain submission to their orders, they rely almost exclusively upon threats and slogans. When confronted with situations in which the workers refuse to do "what's best for them" or demonstrate feelings of cautious scepticism toward authority, the autocrat either ignores the evidence or becomes more convinced of the ignorance of the masses. Such behavior seems to appear more frequently among management than union leaders, and also, more frequently in the higher than in the lower levels of leadership.

Many sincere leaders, men who really intend to encourage spontaneous and democratic cooperation, have failed because they have confused the things that stand for democracy with the behavior and beliefs that are called democratic. Symbols and rituals are not enough. The leaders who provide the workers with LMPC constitutions, elections, and meetings, in the hope that these will give the workers a *feeling* of participation, fool only themselves and not the workers. They would be more successful if they were to act on the assumption that the workers have the intelligence and ability to learn from experience. Workers will feel that they participate, and they will learn not to make mistakes, if they have the facts and the responsibilities necessary to make organizational decisions.

The failure of the LMPC movement is due also to the primary emphasis which it has placed on production. Workers frequently regard the LMPC approach as a direct frontal attack upon their deeply entrenched sentiments and beliefs. First, their conceptions as to what constitutes a fair day's work can not be easily changed; and they hesitate to introduce methods of producing more with less effort unless their employment and incomes are safeguarded. Secondly, workers feel that rising prices have reduced their living standards despite the increases in our national per capita output over recent years. Workers who have not experienced a rise in real wages as a direct result of working harder or producing more find it difficult to understand how they will benefit from increased productivity. The recent price increases, in most cases, can not be attributed to increased costs, declining productivity, or inordinate profits. Many increases were due to *anticipated* rather than actual shortages. Also, the consumers, through higher prices, rather than investors, through savings, are expected to bear the burden of financing the expansion programs of many corporations. Thus, the workers are more concerned with the equitable distribution than with the size of our national product.

Rather than urging increased productivity, the government agency promoting LMPC's might have done better to emphasize the need for joint consultation and improved communications between management and the workers. Productivity does not solve the social problems created by autocratic leaders who have kept themselves out of reach of the workers. Rather, we might be able to produce and consume more goods and services if we were to have more social justice and more democratic human relationships. However, just as we value democracy in itself, as a way of life, and not merely as a means to greater economic prosperity, so we desire fair, decent, and more satisfying human relations in industry, whether we shall be the richer or the poorer with them.

LMPC's are too frequently misused. Management has sometimes destroyed the potential usefulness of the joint committees by using them either to forestall unionization or to compete against the union for the loyalty of the workers. Rather than functioning as supplementary communication channels they become propaganda channels, carrying commands, explanations, exhortations, and threats from superiors to subordinates. The free communications that are vital to democratic cooperation are thus further frustrated.

LMCP'S cannot improve human relations in industry unless management's basic behavior patterns are changed. Labor and management cannot cooperate where ownership and top management are isolated from the community of the consumers and the workers. Mutually acceptable and adaptable social rules governing reciprocal obligations can develop only through frequent, intimate, face-to-face communications between the various social levels of the enterprise.

We could attain a much higher level of cooperation if our industrial leaders would show more faith in democracy by behaving less autocratically, if they would do more listening and less talking, if they would issue orders and directives less frequently and give their subordinates the opportunity to solve their own problems. Democracy works for those who work for it. The assurance of our democratic way of life depends largely upon the examples of democratic behavior that our management and union leaders may provide.

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Peron Breaks His Own Unions

Robert Alexander

► PERON WAS ELECTED to the presidency of Argentina by the Partido Laborista, and he has consistently pictured himself as the champion of the working classes. Without doubt he has had the support of the majority of the urban and rural workers, and has virtually complete control over the trade unions. However, during the last few months he has been moving toward the alienation of the trade unions which may lead to the complete destruction of the unions or perhaps the overthrow of Peron himself.

Basically, the trouble in Argentina is that the cost of living has been rising rapidly. This is due to a variety of causes, including a large-scale industrialization program, a sizable armaments program, the rising prices of imported goods, a free and easy wage policy, inefficient management of many of the public utilities and other industries which Peron has taken over from private enterprise, and a virtually complete lack of price control.

For several years the Peron government didn't publish cost of living figures, but since the resumption of their publication in the last few months the picture which they present has not been favorable for Peron. They have shown a very sizable rise in the cost of the primary commodities which enter into the budget of the average worker. At the same time, Peron has become increasingly cautious in granting wage increases, particularly in nationalized industries. Generally, he has allowed these increases to be granted only in cases where he was forced to do so.

The wage problem has led to a number of bitter strikes. One of the most spectacular was a walkout of Tucuman provincial sugar workers, who had been organized originally by the direct aid of Peron when he was Secretary of Labor, and who were ardent supporters of "El Lider." However, when these workers went on strike in November, 1949, the Peron government declared the walkout illegal, and the government's pet labor federation, the CGT, "intervened" in the Sugar Workers Federation, throwing out the elected officers and naming puppets of its own. Many strikers were arrested, and at least one important Tucuman labor leader was killed by the police after having apparently suffered considerable torture.

This walkout was particularly significant because it was the first time the Peron government went all-out in blaming the stoppage on its political opponents. It argued that the strike was a plot, hatched by the Radicals, Communists, Socialists, and Trotskyites, to embarrass the administration. After it was all over, however, Peron granted a 65 per cent wage increase to the sugar workers, and Sra. Peron saw to it that large quantities of clothing and other material were shipped to the region by her charity monopoly, the Eva Duarte de Peron Social Welfare Foundation.

Other strikes, among bank workers, printers, and maritime workers, gained much notoriety, and the government also blamed these on anti-government elements. In the first two this was ridiculous since those unions were firmly (in the case of the bank workers one might almost say slavishly) loyal to Peron. The maritime workers professed to be "neutral" politically, and were probably led by opponents of the president. However, they did not strike until the government withdrew legal recognition from the Maritime

Workers Federation and declared that it could not engage in collective bargaining negotiations.

An even more significant event was the government's attack on the Packinghouse Workers Federation in June-July, 1950. This organization also had been helped to organize by Peron in 1943-44. It was fanatically loyal to him and in October, 1945, was largely responsible for organizing the workers' march on Buenos Aires which restored Peron to power when the Army had ousted him for a time.

Yet, in spite of its Peronista outlook, the Packinghouse Workers Federation had maintained a certain integrity and had refused to join the CGT, claiming that that group was too much dominated by the Ministry of Labor. At the same time the Federation maintained cordial relations with the AFL and CIO, particularly with their Packinghouse Workers affiliates, while the CGT was violently against the American labor groups.

The CGT was itching to destroy or absorb the Packinghouse Workers Federation, and the opportunity presented itself in July, 1950. Three members of the executive committee of the Federation resigned, saying that the organization no longer was representative of the workers in the industry. Thereupon, without even consulting the Federation's remaining officials—the overwhelming majority—the Minister of Labor withdrew legal recognition from the Federation and temporarily extended it to a group which the CGT promptly organized.

However, since few workers seemed inclined to abandon the Federation and join the new CGT *phantasma*, a new tack was used, and the CGT "intervened" in the Packinghouse Workers Federation. This was a strange procedure since the Packinghouse Workers Federation did not belong to the CGT. Quite against its own constitution, the CGT had in 1946 begun to "intervene" in some of its constituent organizations upon occasion, to oust their elected officials and replace them with people more to the CGT's liking. However, not even the broadest stretch of the imagination could give the CGT any legal or moral right to intervene in an organization which was not even affiliated to it. Nevertheless, this move was upheld by the government, and the regime thus subdued by force a group which it could not conquer by persuasion.

The latest in this lengthening series of arbitrary attacks by the Peron government on the hitherto Peronista trade unions came recently in the Union Ferroviaria. This organization, the principal union of railroaders, and the largest workers group in Argentina, was virtually the first labor union to line up with Peron. Its loyalty to him had never been questioned.

However, in spite of their Peronista outlook, the workers of the railroads running in and out of Buenos Aires went on strike late in November, asking for an increase in wages. Since the Union Ferroviaria national leadership refused to authorize the walkout, an Emergency Co-ordination Committee was established, which conducted negotiations with the management of the government-owned roads. The workers returned to their jobs after being assured that their demands would be met.

However, about two to three weeks later, these same workers were out once more, claiming that the management had not lived up to the agreement which ended the previous strike. They also demanded the resignation of the President of Union Ferroviaria, Pablo Lopez, charging that he had not acted in the interests of the workers. He had turned in a token resignation during the first walkout, but this time his resignation was accepted.

After the resignation of President Lopez, the CGT "intervened" in the union and put in an administrator. However, the demands which had caused the two strikes were still not met, and early in January the workers again went on strike. This time the government moved swiftly, outlawed the walkout, ordered the workers back to their jobs on pain of dismissal, and when they didn't return, drafted them for "urgent civilian service." This last move was taken under a law passed in 1948 which Peron's opponents claim gave the president powers to establish a complete totalitarian dictatorship at any time he so desires.

This break between Union Ferroviaria and the government is highly significant. The railroad workers are among the country's oldest and most completely organized groups of workers. Should they turn against Peron, they could cause his administration considerable trouble.

Perhaps indicative of the effect of the railroad workers' strike is the recent onslaught which Peron has launched on the remnants of the free press. For some time there have been only two daily papers in Argentina which opposed the regime: *La Nacion* and *La Prensa*. Although all others had been silenced, the international prestige of these two old dailies had saved them from complete suppression.

However, soon after the railroad walkout—which was fully reported in the opposition newspapers—a "strike" was called by the government-controlled newsdealers' union against *La Prensa*. The union's demands were outrageous by any standards, including one that 50 per cent of the paper's income from classified advertising go to a union social-insurance fund, and another that the paper close down branch offices in various parts of the city which were used mainly for getting subscriptions and soliciting want ads.

When the paper refused to concede these demands, it was closed down, ostensibly by a strike. However, no matter what the pretext, the Peron administration apparently had moved at last to silence one of the two opposition papers. That the other might soon meet the same fate was indicated by a statement of the newsdealers' union president that *La Nacion* would soon share the fate of *La Prensa* if it did not report the *La Prensa* case more "fairly."

It seems likely that Peron decided to risk the international censure involved in suppressing *La Prensa* in order to distract the attention of his followers and concentrate their hatred on what have become the *bêtes noires* of the whole Peronista movement—the two independent papers. In any case, the coincidence is interesting.

Peron has good reason to be worried by his growing quarrel with organized labor. Due in large part to the disregard of ranking army officers for his wife, Peron is not so solid with the military hierarchy as he once was. Nor is his support in church circles quite so complete as in 1945, when the Argentine bishops endorsed him for the presidency. A complete break with labor might well mark the beginning of the end of the Peron regime.

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Ever Build A House?

T. H. Rombosis

► WHEN HE CAME into the pub and sat down at my table, I placed him as a professor; he had the genteel shabbiness and the air of abstraction that one looks for in that secluded and underpaid occupation. For a long minute he stared at his glass of beer. Then he leaned forward and said: "Ever build a house?"

"I built a dog-house once. But it didn't stand straight and the door was too small. Completely baffled the dog, he wouldn't use it."

"No, no, I don't mean with your own hands. I mean did you ever sign a contract with a builder to erect, build, and otherwise establish a place of abode?"

"No. Did you?"

"Yes, that's why I'm drinking. Never used to at all, but now I drink two or three quarts a day. Tell me—do I look like an alcoholic?"

"Good God, no. I drink that much before breakfast."

"Oh. Well—about the house. I signed the contract in October 1948. The house was to be ready for occupancy in May 1949."

"Finished now?"

"Yes."

"Good! Living in it?"

"Not the house—I'm finished. Oh, the house has a basement and sidewalls, a roof and a mortgage, but my wife and I are living in one room."

He signalled the waiter, and when the second glass came he took a sip with an air of complete moral collapse.

"Look," I said, "how would you like to talk about cocktail bars instead?"

"No use, thanks. I only talk about housing now. I used to lecture on medieval history at the university. Not now."

"You quit?"

"No, I still lecture, but it always turns out to be about contracts for baronial castles and how long it took to get an abbey built."

"What is it that holds things up—nowadays, I mean?"

"Sub-contractors."

"What are they?"

"Well, they're the guys that do the work."

"I thought the contractor—"

"Oh, no, he gets a fee for supervising the job, charges three per cent overhead on every wheel that turns within twenty-five miles of the project, and gets something called a hold-back, which amounts to one-third of the cost of the land and the building plus the debt on the City Hall."

"Oh, well, these things cost more than they should, but your house will be nice to live in when it's finished."

"It'll never be finished—not now." The tentative sips had grown into long, abandoned gulps.

"Oh, don't lose heart. You can always get a bank loan, or a second mortgage."

"It's not that—not that at all. It's this other sub-contractor. At least he was a sub-contractor—no, I mean he seemed to be a sub-contractor but now he says he wasn't. And he isn't."

"Look, you're getting incoherent."

"Well, that's what it is."

"That's what what is?"

"This other sub-contractor. Only he isn't."

"What is he?"

"I don't know, but he's got a bulldozer."

"So have lots of people."

"Yes, but this guy gives way to it. He rolled about a hundred tons of mud against my front door—or where my front door would have been—and left it there to freeze."

"Who told him to do that?"

"Nobody. It was all his own idea."

"Can't you sue?"

"My lawyer says no. Because I didn't tell him not to do it."

"Why didn't you?"

"I didn't know he had it in mind."

I bought him another drink and returned to the subject in hand.

"Now, about this guy with the bulldozer—"

"Yes. Well, he bought it. From War Assets, I guess. And he has a license to play with it. And there he was passing by with this thing when it came into his head to roll all the mud in North York up against my framework. so he did it."

"Couldn't you have him arrested?"

"Well, I talked to the police about that, and they said it was the first time he had done any real damage. Said they'd keep an eye on him in future."

"Why not hire another guy, with another bulldozer, and have it taken away?"

"Frozen too hard."

"But in the spring?"

"Mud's too deep."

"So you give up."

"Yeah, I give up. I hate everybody. Used to be a friend of labor, but I hate everybody now. Know how sub-contractors work? Take a plumber."

"Oh, everybody takes plumbers."

"All right, take a 'lectrician."

"You take him. I ain't—I am not building a house."

"Neither am I. But O.K. Here's this old 'lectrician."

"Where?"

"Here. This salt-shaker. He sneaks up, see, leaves this wire cable, see, then goes 'way. Two weeks—no, a fortnight later, back he comes. See?"

"I see."

"This time he bores hole in basement. Sticks cable through. Then he runs like bat out of hell, doesn't come back for two months. Eight months ago, plumber put bathtub right up in them rafters. Heating sub-conquistador—sub-con—you know. He came—he and truck and sixteen men—worked all day. Then remembered—couldn't get furnace. Or oil-burner. Or smoke-pipe. Now he's gone to Florida. He and his sixteen men. Complete mental breakdown. Needs rest. Hope he drowns in the surf. Know what I hope? Hope he gets head caught in a furnace door. That's what I hope. Ever hear of a plastered—plasterer? One came. One came one day and got a ladder. Built a platform round bathtub. The one way up there in the rafters."

"What'd he do that for?"

"Mixed plaster in the ole tub. It's still there. He's not. Never saw him again."

"Pitiful shitory. 'Nother drink?"

"Sure. So what do I do next?"

"What you do next?"

"Ssh. Can you keep shecret?"

"Sure. I knew 'bout 'tomic energy. Never told a soul."

"O.K. Tell you. One of these shub-conshtictors has ruptured 'pendix. Huh! Friend of mine—building house too—friend gonna operate on him tomorrow."

"So?"

"So he's gonna give him local anash—local ana—he's gonna give him a local, see?"

"Yeah."

"Then he's gonna open him up and put in a rubber tube. Then he's gonna lean over this guy and leer in his face, and he's gonna say, 'O.K., buddy, be back to fix you up in about six months.'"



Our tactics must continue in the meantime to be to kill off Chinese troops in the greatest possible numbers with the greatest economy to ourselves in manpower and resources. (Globe and Mail)

Mr. Howe: I was being asked questions by six or seven reporters. I have no clear idea of exactly what I said, and I do not remember the exact question I answered. I have not seen the Canadian Press report and I did not hear the broadcast. Therefore I am in a rather difficult position. (Hansard, March 6, 1951)

High standard of living now enjoyed in Canada is being achieved through advertising.—Eastern Canada sales manager for Quaker Oats Company, Peterborough, said last night.

(Kingston Whig-Standard)

The bingo game and speedometer were two of the techniques used by Deer Park teachers to stimulate interest in arithmetic and show the youngsters how useful it could be. Bingo made a game out of addition problems in the Grade 3 classroom . . .

(Toronto Telegram)

Modern art, a magnificent muddle to most, contains some deep and sinister implications, the Ontario Legislature was told yesterday. L. E. Wismer (CCF, Riverdale) raised his eyebrows and voice at a couple of objets d'art purchased recently by the Toronto Art Gallery, namely, two busts by Picasso and Matisse. He told the government it should be careful what kind of art is bought with the taxpayers' money. "I don't like the look of it. There is running through one part of modern art a set of symbols—symbols used to show Christian civilization is disintegrating. Also sex symbols. These modern artists use a sign language they send throughout the world. And we call it art. I'm telling you that these people are using art and the taxpayers' money to assist nihilism in destroying democracy and Christianity." (Globe and Mail)

William Dennison (CCF, St. David) took up the cause. He waved newspaper pictures of abstract paintings. "Here's one," he said pointing, "that makes you think you're looking down into a Toronto garbage truck and picking up a pile of dirty papers. This picture," he said, "is called 'Politician'." (Globe and Mail)

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On the Air

Allan Sangster

Ocala, Florida, March 11, 1951.

► HERE, ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON, I listen to the local station WPMC, and hear a prolonged, interesting, and informative discussion on crop insurance for the local citrus growers. A real public-service program.

For the past three weeks in Key West, whose only station is a Mutual Network affiliate, I have been astonished at the vigor and virulence with which matters of public interest—local, state, and federal politics as well as world affairs—are discussed on the air, and at the amount of time Mutual (self-styled "world's largest network") is willing to give to affairs of this nature. On Mutual one may hear commentators of every political complexion (but most of them have a marked Republican bias), from the unspeakable Fulton Lewis, Jr., to the sincere and informed representatives of the great labor organizations. These stations, it must be noted, are all privately-owned commercial ones, and the amount of time they devote to affairs of public interest puts even the best of our Canadian private stations to shame. On a strictly quantity basis it seems (seems because my listening has been sporadic and lackadaisical) that even the CBC falls considerably behind. Even in restaurants, here in this idle vacationers' state, one hears the blaring radio start in on a program of news comment and notices with surprise that the manager does not switch to a program of light music, as most Canadians do. Further, one notices that many of the customers listen with interest. One suspects that Americans of all classes are more politically alert than we Canadians.

BUT, note that I said above, "on a quantity basis." Note also that I referred to a "program of news comment." There is, one might be bold enough to say, especially outside the areas reached by CBS News, no straight radio news in America. There are almost no clear factual bulletins of straight reporting comparable to those put out by the CBC News Department. Instead, there are commentators. Here, where practically every newscaster is his own, or his party's, or his sponsor's propagandist, the simple visitor who merely wants to hear facts and form his own opinion is frustrated.

At present the major topics are, of course, the labor walk-out, the scandal in the RFC—a scandal which the commentators are doing their bitter best to make far more scandalous than it probably is—and the war in Korea. Korea, of these topics the least likely to provide political ammunition or material for vituperation, comes off a poor third in this free-for-all. The standard attitude is, as might be expected, full of American self-glorification and self-righteousness, atrocious sniping at everyone else, and complete inability to take the long or even the safe view. Perhaps it can be summed up in this quote from one commentator: "The traditional American way would be to throw off the wraps and fight it out to victory in Korea."

A good deal of the sniping is at the United Nations, but even more is directed at Great Britain—first, for failing the U.S.A.; second, for actually daring to oppose her on matters of policy. Of recognition of the fact that Britain fought alone while this country made up its mind where its own self-interest lay, there remains not a trace.

But the big news—that's what they call it here—these days is the RFC investigation, and on this the so-called commentators are really having themselves a time. They take down their own back hair, tear down the reputations

of men far better than themselves, butcher the truth and the English language to make the American version of a Roman holiday. And the peculiar thing, to an alien and, I hope, unprejudiced mind, is that the higher these fantastic scandal-mongers rank in public opinion, the lower they descend into the common cesspool for the mud of vilification and abuse. The eminent Fulton Lewis, Jr., beloved by goodness knows how many million listeners, eagerly followed by a tremendous section of the American public, devoted the entire fifteen minutes of his *soi-disant* news-period one night last week to the RFC investigation. Not another topic was mentioned; the whole time went to a fabrication of suspicions, accusations, doubtfully authenticated stories, and general muckraking, directed against the RFC, the President, and the Democratic party.

Very interesting it was, too—interesting, exciting, stimulating, degrading, and utterly shocking. No wonder Americans listen avidly to these barkers and hucksters of mental hokum. The very worst techniques of yellow journalism are rampant on American air-waves—techniques which, skillfully applied—and they are expertly applied—cannot fail to hold the listener. But they teach him nothing, they give him the very minimum of disinterested information, they hold him just as a knockdown verbal battle between a man and his mistress heard through an open window on a dark street would hold him. Their adhesive—the stinkiest, gooiest slime which can be found.

I shall be glad to be back within range of the factual, restrained bulletins of the CBC and the BBC. True, they may tell me more about many things than I am interested in knowing, but they do tell me, and they do not try to hold my interest with the trumpety hoopla, the sincere disregard for truth, of the carnal spieler.

The Spider Spins

Doris French

(SHORT STORY)

► THE STORE was a silver mesh, a wide web spread in the sun. Around its periphery the unsuspecting traffic hummed. Within, mending their threads, Mr. Wiley, Branch Manager, had silenced Bob Ketterling in a matter of Displays. Ketterling had advocated real, raw carrots in the gardening display on First Floor Centre Aisle. A rabbit as big as Harvey, outfitted in denims, with moving mechanical arms, and Ketterling saw him proffering real carrots to the customers! "Not real ones," Mr. Wiley sighed, passing his hand over his eyes as though in pain. "Very large, bright felt carrots, please. A fine vivid orange, unduplicated in nature, and no smell. Am I to remind you of the Easter chicks?" Whereupon Ketterling looked ashamed, as one who recalls a serious blunder from his past. He had dyed the chicks he got from the hatchery, and set them, darting balls of mauve and pink, on a billowy emerald green turf in the East window. But no one had been pleased. The Humane Society had called in, looking very tough, and kind people had written harsh letters to the paper. It had done the Store no good.

In that there was a lesson, Mr. Wiley said. "Our customers do not care for realism. Our most discriminating people unhesitatingly prefer the essence of the thing itself. Is it not a fact that photography rates very low as an advertising medium? Would women flock to buy summer sheers if we showed them on solid, commendable females with 26-inch waists? It is necessary to have pencilled wraiths, airy non-creatures dressed in wispy frocks with only a fleeting resemblance to our merchandise."

To emphasize his point, Mr. Wiley let Ketterling into the Store's most intimate sanctum, a vaulted corner, screened from the hubbub of the outer aisles, where customers tiptoed into plastic booths and, sitting quietly, pressed buttons on armchairs. Over the arch was a legend: Shop by Television.

"It is the ultimate," whispered Mr. Wiley. "They do not see the goods. They do not trudge about counters. They do not carry things away under their arms. They use the charge account stamp and money is therefore unnecessary. It is the marketplace *in essence*."

Upstairs in Ready-To-Wear, Floor Manager Florence Hillman had improved the hour with a lecture about getting chummy with the customers. Her remarks were directed to Rita Santer, but Miss Hillman had allowed several other girls to gather around and listen.

"I do not know if you will ever make a salesgirl," she told Rita kindly. "You are a homey type, and that is out of place here. We do not want to put our customers at ease. We wish to make them uncomfortable. If they are satisfied with themselves, do you think they will want anything new? It is our duty to make each customer feel a little rumpled in whatever she is wearing. I have been informed (Miss Hillman had been spying, but she preferred to leave the impression that she heard hourly reports from agents among the sales staff) I have been informed that you were jesting about large stomachs with some customers who were looking at our Stork Club selections. That is a grave breach of decorum. When such women approach us, it is best to look faintly disgusted, and to offer our special camouflage dresses in a serious effort to conceal their abhorrent condition."

Miss Hillman went on at length, while Rita scowled and the more aspiring salesgirls clustered attentively. "To be a good salesgirl one must *feel* such things. How can it be described? We confront our customers as with an unfriendly mirror. And are we not being kind to them? Is there not a hint of the divine in our performance, and do we not sow discontent in order to lead them toward the Ideal?"

Dedicated also to his work, Tom Griffith of Books and Stationery had mused beside his counter. He had been arranging the newest and the best in the most prominent spaces about him. Among the books he had set up conspicuously a mediocre history of the local valley written by a local scholar of very immediate fame. This celebrity was known to the hostesses of the city, who would be pleased to buy his book. Among the cards he had given the advantage to a new series which included "To My Gardener on Labor Day," yet another example of the increasing thoughtfulness of a great-hearted industry.

In a mood common to artists after expending their efforts, Tom thought bitterly that there was little chance of the customers appreciating these fine points of salesmanship. The customers generally were inadequate. They did not measure up to the merchandise. He disliked customers' hands, fingering, crumpling, grubbing, and he loathed children's hands. In the customers' eyes he read a mean appraisal of the goods in terms of how-it-will-look-back-home. In no time at all they would have everything dog-eared and splashed with tea and gritty with crumbs. The end of his labor was the Scrap Paper Drive. Tom brooded glumly.

Precisely at that time a customer approached who lightened his sorrow, earning indeed a flicker of approval.

Mrs. McCusky chose to enter through the Magic Eye door. She did not have to touch the bar of a glass turnstile.

She did not even have to change step. Her delicate high-heeled passage into the cool cavern of the Store was interrupted only once, when she turned toward the wafted fragrance of the cosmetic counter which occupied the position of an incense burner just inside the portals of a church. At the counter she saw a girl combing her hair with swift and expert ease—not a salesgirl, as Mrs. McCusky's first horrified glance suggested, but a demonstrator from the salon upstairs, performing in public and endlessly the brief, convenient toilet which was made possible by her new short hair style. Mrs. McCusky observed her, politely, until she had finished and began again. Both the demonstrator and the customer had observed a punctilious remoteness, as though each saw the other under glass.

Mrs. McCusky had not come to the Store to buy anything. She was merely Downtown Shopping. She had been compelled to come in order to escape the peculiar atmosphere which pervaded her almost immaculate apartment, the atmosphere which lingered after an intimate quarrel with her husband. It was a quarrel one preferred not to remember because it had been conducted without even the decorum of words. The harsh words he had said at breakfast she had been able to ignore, blandly, as though she had not heard them. But the quarrel behind the words she wished to forget.

Mrs. McCusky found the beginning of solace at the glove counter. Glove buying is far more elegant than, for instance, buying shoes. At the glove counter one was seated unctuously and requested to rest the elbow on a velvet cushion while the clerk worked the gloves down over one's fingers. Mrs. McCusky bought a pair of taupe gloves, hand-stitched in brown. She charged them and left them to be delivered.

Mounting up to the second floor, motionless on the escalator like a paper-doll drawn upwards on a string, she thought of another purchase she might make. At the pastel-tinted babies' counter she looked at dainty objects wrapped in cellophane, and picked out a silk shirred dressing gown and silk shirred booties. From a tray extended by a clerk she selected a card which pictured a rosy baby being delivered to a doorstep in the centre of a bright bouquet. She paid for gift wrapping and mailing to her sister's apartment in the city. And as she turned away the delicacy of her choice pleased her so much that the incident of the past night faded. "You're not a woman at all!" he had said at breakfast. The words passed emptily, without meaning, from her thoughts.

It was then, with a sense of light release, that she remembered the demonstrator downstairs and was prompted to move toward the beauty salon. Blue light fell there directly on disembodied hands, long-fingered, tapering, pale, which extended toward her from a silver niche where the salon opened. There was a similarity between those bloodless hands and the smooth and expert hands of the Operator. They spread a mask on her face, soon light, cool and brittle. They molded her hair precisely over her scalp. She was seated under the dryer.

Mrs. McCusky did not go to sleep. It was not a sensation of relaxing, or of drifting senses. Rather her limbs seemed to stiffen and dry out, and the sweat on the palms of her hands was suddenly gone. She did not move any more. She waited to be lifted, imperturbably, by a man whose arms were passionless.

They placed her in front of an artificial landscape, and her limbs were poised in an attitude of surprise. Her rigid form was draped in a summer sheer, with the price tag hanging. And her final emotion was of pity for the girl

outside, the girl on the street with the twisted seams and the cinder in her eye.

Bob Ketterling reported to Mr. Wiley that he had just put a new one in the West window. Mr. Wiley looked up and said, "The Spider will be pleased."

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► NOTES FROM A SOUTHERN HOLIDAY. . . . The success of a stage play is said to depend on a kind of reciprocal rapport between actors and audience—a sense of co-operative understanding and sympathy shared by those who interpret the play and those for whom it is interpreted. In movie houses, of course, the phenomenon of audience-participation does occur—in a series of ricochets of feeling on one side of the screen only. Tension and boredom runs like an infection from person to person; it is like energy bombinating in a vacuum. Consequently, the individual is more susceptible to the numbers and temper of his fellow movie-goers than the play-goer to his; and the movies are geared to a lowest common denominator of response because the screen actors cannot respond and vary their pace and tone to suit the mood and intelligence of particular audiences. An audience can ruin a movie for itself more easily than it can a play, because it reacts only on itself. So the impact of a movie on even that hypothetical creature, the objective critic, varies enormously, depending not only on his own mood, but on whether he sees it in a small screening-room, containing perhaps ten other people besides himself, or in a large urban theatre, or in a small village hall far from home. See *On the Town* in a screening-room, and it seems a bright, cheerful, occasionally witty musical with some technically expert dancing. Its emotional impact is practically non-existent. See it in a large movie-house, and its noisiness is balanced and carried by the uproarious response of a general audience. The story may even seem more diverting and spontaneous, because so many of the audience react to its surprises and twists as if they had never seen a movie in their lives before; and the wit, which in the quiet of the screening-room came across distinctly and with point, is blurred or drowned out by the guffaws of all the people who are laughing at the last joke but one.

But see *On the Town* as I did last week, in Key West, where the audience was full of sailors alone or in pairs from the Naval Station and the airbase on Boca Chica, whose reactions dominated everyone else's, and the movie really comes into its own. It is not only gay and stylish, but suddenly full of dreams and feelings. They may be dreams or feelings which are alien to us as individuals, but we are inevitably affected by the total response and understanding of the rest of the audience, and emerge from the theatre having participated, willy-nilly, in the expression of strong group emotion. The long ballet-sequence still seems too long and elaborate; but a criticism of it would be tempered by the knowledge that for the sailors at whom it was primarily aimed the swoops and whorls of the fantasy expressed a long and intense wish. A review written after that experience would inevitably suffer—or gain—by it . . .

Driving through the Florida Everglades, with mile after mile of sedge and swamp on either hand, and Seminole thatched villages and dilapidated gas stations the only mark of human settlement, feeling the silent alien vitality of the region, seeing the colored improbable birds and hearing nameless stirrings in the swamp-grass, reminded us of Flaherty's *Louisiana Story*. How fortunate that it was

Flaherty, and not Fitzpatrick, who applied his patience and integrity to a movie interpretation of this kind of rich and difficult region. *Louisiana Story* in turn brought up the memory of *The Titan*, the Italian picture which Flaherty is sponsoring on this side of the Atlantic, and which tells the story of Michelangelo simply by showing us, with infinite intelligence and sympathy, his sculptures and paintings in their own settings and more or less in chronological order. *The Titan* is one of the most moving and impressive pictures I've ever seen; as stirring and significant in its way about the great creations of the human spirit as *Louisiana Story* was about the human being itself. In fact, it is very easy to see why Flaherty was so interested in *The Titan*—he might almost have made it himself. Not that it is as technically brilliant as a Flaherty production; but its sincerity of tone, and its refusal to use any of the easy superficial gambits of the professionally slick photographer, are very like Flaherty's. It is clear that the man who made *The Titan* knew, and respected, and loved the works of Michelangelo; and that he knew how to use the medium of the film to convey with some depth of understanding to other people the master and his work. *The Titan*, like *Louisiana Story*, has a touch of genius.

The NFB movie short, *Toronto, Boom Town*, which was showing locally at home when we left, is certainly better than a Fitzpatrick production but, equally certainly, it is not in the Flaherty class. It takes too many of the easy ways out. For instance, it attempts to supplant the old legend of Toronto the Good with a new but equally superficial myth of Toronto the Nearly Sophisticated. It is bright and amusing, and the commentary strikes an admirable middle note between the heavy-footed and the arch; but as a serious portrait of a city it is too like a tinted photograph. It catches all the familiar expressions, but the character has been left out; and contrary to general belief, Toronto's character is both complex and elusive. It takes more than a travelling cameraman and a series of bright generalizations to define any urban community—patience, study, perception, and a refusal to accept the trite, for a start. Perhaps the NFB should have started with Montreal.

Correspondence

The Editor: The two commentaries on Race Relations in South Africa, which appeared in your issues of November, 1950, and February, 1951, are very illuminating when read together. The first, by Dr. Roux, gives a succinct statement of the policy of segregation in historical perspective, written from the point of view of a man assuming a respect for human rights. The second, contributed by Mr. Parsons, quotes extensively a naive but clear justification for segregation of whites and natives, with the natives relegated to a position of permanent inferiority to the whites. It is important that this document be read and understood because it states a social philosophy which we not only reject but which we cannot conceive as acceptable by any modern community. Unfortunately, it seems likely to be basic to the thinking of the dominant white minority in South Africa for a long time to come.

Apartheid is considered "mandatory by the existing economic, social, and cultural conditions." These conditions are the economic dependence of the whites upon native labor and the numerical inferiority of the whites. These necessities, says Mr. Parsons' correspondent, the dominance of the white group (about one-quarter of the total population) and the economic, social, and political subordination of all others, Bantu, colored, and Indian. This social system is

not only to be maintained, it is to be more rigidly structured in South Africa and extended to adjacent areas. Such rights as are to be extended to non-Europeans are only those consistent with the maintenance of white superiority. The native is to be educated only insofar as his education contributes to the benefit of his masters, is to have his standard of living permanently depressed below that of the whites, and is, of course, to have no political power. These conditions are to be maintained by a police system backed by the notorious pass laws. All this is to exist in an age which witnessed the statement of universal human rights. We should be extremely grateful to Mr. Parsons for bringing so forcibly to our attention the fact that such beliefs are held by the ruling group in one of the members of the British Commonwealth.

G. Gordon Brown, Toronto, Ont.

The Editor: "Race Relations in South Africa" by Edward Roux in the November, 1950, issue of *The Canadian Forum* and "More About Malan" contributed by a Pretoria friend of David Parsons in the February, 1951, number raise large and important issues not confined to South Africa.

The original Dutch colonists in South Africa, being agricultural and settling among aborigines of primitive culture hitherto untouched by civilizing influences, adopted a superior and exclusive attitude on the race and color issues. English settlement has had a somewhat modifying influence but, though the English won the Anglo-Boer War, the Dutch are in the process of imposing their race and color ideas on South Africa and the neighboring territories. On the race and color issue the Dutch take their stand upon the Old Testament; on the matter of missionary obligation they stand equally squarely on the New Testament. It is a curious and ultimately untenable position.

The original Dutch colonists in the Netherlands East Indies (now Indonesia), being planters and traders and settling among aborigines of primitive culture already modified by Hindu and Islamic civilization, adopted a very tolerant attitude even to race and color mixture, regarding as European all with even a modicum of European blood. Even so, rising nationalism has required the Dutch to relinquish control, involving the exodus of numerous people of Dutch descent and future reliance upon trade, investment, and cooperation with Indonesians in the further development of Indonesia—physically, culturally, and spiritually.

The question very naturally arises, which of these two policies has the future with it? True, the nature of Dutch (and English) colonization and development in South Africa (farming and mining) makes a partial withdrawal of irreconcilables and a basic change of policy much more difficult than in Indonesia. But South Africa must industrialize, if only against the exhaustion of the gold mines. Moreover, eventually the example of the Gold Coast on the one hand and Communist agitation on the other will force the issue and compel new relations between Europeans, Africans, Coloreds and East Indians in South Africa. Must the change come by violence, poisoning future relations and hindering future cooperation?

Moreover, when one asks which policy—Indonesian or South African—is capable of expansion and of universalization, surely there can be but one answer. If the pattern evolving in South Africa is to be extended to Southwest Africa, the Rhodesias, Mozambique, and Tanganyika, and if this should become a model for segregation on a world scale, we are in for violence too terrible to contemplate.

However plausible the defense of *apartheid* may be made, it is reactionary and can only lead to violent revolt and bloody revolution. The British Commonwealth, the United Nations, and the World Council of Churches have responsi-

bilities to warn against a policy which cannot be continued in South Africa without disaster, cannot be extended without further destruction, and cannot become a world policy without irrevocable ruin. The whites have not the right and will not long have the power to insist on the supremacy of a white minority in South Africa or in the world. To do so would mean, not merely loss of existing privileges but moral and physical suicide—the very negation of an intelligent policy.

L. S. Albright, Toronto, Ont.

The Editor: We in this office have read with very great interest your recent article, "More About Malan"; and what we appreciate particularly is your explanatory note that "*The Canadian Forum* prints this article in the belief that only by the most comprehensive publishing of the relative facts can the understanding of any situation be improved."

It is our contention that much of the harsh criticism of the South African situation is due to a wholly inadequate knowledge of the relative facts, and it is because of this that your attitude is so encouraging. Of course, even complete information would not (particularly in so controversial a matter) remove all criticism; but criticism based fairly upon fact would be welcomed. We do not pretend at all that our policies are faultless; what we ask of our friends overseas is that they should recognize that to the best of our ability, and with honesty and justice, we are endeavoring to solve a problem in human relationships which is unique in its complexity.

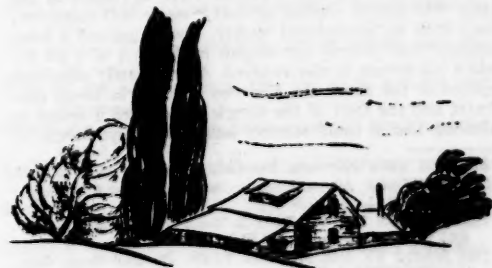
It would be foolhardy to guarantee the success of our endeavor—or, for that matter, of any policy designed for South Africa. We can only say that at this stage, and after 300 years' experience, *apartheid* appears to offer the best hope for progress and contentment in the future.

There are several aspects of your correspondent's interpretation of *apartheid* with which we do not agree; but, as has been suggested, what is so welcome is the presentation to your readers of the other point of view.

A. W. Steward, South African Government
Information Officer, Ottawa, Ont.

The Editor: I wish Stella Harrison hadn't made that petulant and badly thought-out remark [in the February *Canadian Forum*] about the Assumption. Catholics feel the same way about that sort of comment as Nehru does about a lot of things Westerners say about Asia. He knows the old home town.

S.H. would really be helping her Catholic fellow-socialists if she would criticize not our beliefs but the way we live up to them: for instance to repeat at every opportunity what Maritain said recently about Catholics, in company with all Christendom, having been traitors to Christ at the time of the Industrial Revolution; or, again, some of the sad truths in the quotation from a Catholic priest on page 172 of Lipset's book on Saskatchewan.



I always enjoy S.H.'s articles. I hope she will forgive my reminder that we just can't always say what we want to. In some inverted way, it seems *à propos* to quote the weary little Progressive-School boy who said to his teacher: "Do I have to do what I want to do?"

Madeleine Sheridan, Montreal, Que.

Turning New Leaves

► IN ITALY, SO WE ARE TOLD, a struggle has been going on for a long time between the regional and the cosmopolitan writers. (The terms are arbitrary and by no means always exact, but at least they provide us with a working definition.) Other countries have of course witnessed the same argument, but regionalism seems to have been an especially fruitful and persistent influence in Italy. Among recent books which more or less belong to this tradition are the novels of Ignazio Silone and Carlo Levi's *Christ Stopped at Eboli*, while the most impressive of the four novels for review here*, Giovanni Verga's *The House by the Medlar Tree*, is a re-issue of a regional classic.

History and geography have conspired to create in Italy a diversified society and a people with an almost anarchic distrust of authority. This attitude seems to have persisted even under the Fascist dictatorship, and, as both Verga and Silone show, it has played a part in the relations between the peasants and the Church. The country districts have retained their traditional suspicion of the towns, while the larger cities—Florence, Milan, Naples, Rome—have been in many respects provincial capitals, jealous of one another's prerogatives. Until recently not even Rome could claim to be an undisputed cultural capital, in the sense that Paris and London have long been the centres of most of the literary and artistic activity in France and Britain.

In this atmosphere a regional literature flourished which was—to judge from the books I have read—modest, sceptical, and humane. But now the cities, especially Rome, are in the ascendancy, and in recent years Italian books belonging to the regional tradition have evidently been less popular in their own country than abroad. Today the dominant literary influences are French and American, and the cities provide much of the usable background. Possibly the Italian novelists have simply discovered that in this confused and violent age regionalism requires a kind of naivete and a sense of identification which they no longer possess. And for that matter, the new tendencies in Italian fiction are doubtless necessary and inevitable. Yet it is sad to find that a literature which has been vigorous and distinctive now seems to be disappearing.

Luigi Bartolini's *Bicycle Thieves*, an ironical, often tortuously intellectual and symbolical book, might be called the cosmopolitan novel *in extremis*. In any case, it comes as a shock to recall the motion picture which was based on this book. The motion picture, as many people will remember, dealt with an unemployed worker, who is granted a brief reprieve from poverty and despair in the form of a job for which his bicycle is also required. A deliberately simplified version of the novel, the film was sketched in broad contrasts, and the theft of the bicycle represented a defeat so absolute that it could scarcely escape being symbolic.

*BICYCLE THIEVES: Luigi Bartolini; Macmillan; pp. 149; \$3.25. DISOBEDIENCE: Alberto Moravia; Saunders (Secker & Warburg); pp. 160; \$1.85.

THE MILL ON THE PO: Riccardo Bacchelli; McClelland & Stewart; (Panthéon); pp. 391; \$4.50.

THE HOUSE BY THE MEDLAR TREE: Giovanni Verga; Saunders (Weidenfeld & Nicolson); pp. 247; \$2.75.

In Bartolini's novel the symbolism is much more subtle and complex but finally less effective. His protagonist is a minor poet and essayist, for whom the bicycle represents a very personal form of escape. There is never any doubt that it can eventually be replaced, and in fact the poet continues his search for it largely through stubbornness. And while the novel exposes the indifference and corruption which pervades the city—as the motion picture did also—it goes further, and slowly makes it clear that the protagonist is himself involved in the general malaise. There is no place here for the film's stalwart worker. For, Bartolini is saying, in the sickness of postwar Europe (by extension: the sickness of modern society), no man remains healthy. Unfortunately, however, while the novel may be less romantic and in some respects more true to its time and place than the motion picture, the prolonged exposure of its central character finally degenerates into an aridly intellectual and wearisome argument about the soul of modern man.

Alberto Moravia's *Disobedience* is also a cosmopolitan novel, and one in which certain foreign influences are clearly traceable. It is the second of two short novels which were recently published, in a single volume called *Two Adolescents*, in the United States. The English edition of the earlier novel, *Agostino*, has been available in Canada for several years.

Agostino should be briefly mentioned here. It is the story of an only child, whose father has recently died, and whose mother takes him to a seaside resort for the summer months. There the beloved mother begins a casual romance with a young man; Agostino, disillusioned and on his own, falls in with a gang of boys, who initiate him into some of the mysteries of sex. For a moment he trembles on the verge of homosexuality, and at the end of the novel, with much of the mystery dissipated, he is caught momentarily in that sad, lonely, and tormented age which lies between adolescence and full maturity. *Agostino* is a beautifully constructed little book, suffused with a kind of quiet twilight mood; it is never forced or hurried, and the psychological analysis remains unobtrusive.

Disobedience is the story of Luca, son of a well-situated middle-class family, normally greedy for attention and material belongings. Luca begins to rebel against his environment, and soon he is launched on an appallingly single-minded journey toward death of the body and spirit. *Disobedience* has elements in common with Albert Camus' first novel, *The Outsider*, for Moravia, with his emphasis on "anguish" and on the fragile and seemingly arbitrary division between life and death, has entered a territory which some of the postwar French novelists have also been exploring.

Luca is a much more unusual adolescent than Agostino, caught in what Sartre would almost certainly call "an extreme situation." In an effort to explain his behavior, Moravia is forced to intrude too frequently. And Luca's recovery, which speedily follows his seduction of the rather unlovely nurse who has watched over him during his illness, never seems as inevitable as it should be. Neither the beginning nor the end of Luca's illness is very clearly motivated, and consequently it is difficult to accept the symbolic significance which Moravia obviously intended the book to have. Yet *Disobedience* is an often moving study of an extremely disturbed and complicated adolescent.

Through most of its enormous length—and the English edition consists of only two books of what was originally a trilogy—Riccardo Bacchelli's *The Mill on the Po* deals with a single region in Northern Italy. But this book was clearly intended to be something more than a regional novel: it covers the period from 1814 to the first world war (the

Winter's Night

Winter's cold war first seemed but bracing,
 skis cross-stitched distracting patterns,
 sleigh-bells crusted over grind of shovels,
 we thought cheeks' firm apples kept the doctor far.

Now streets at night stretch out naked bones.
 But bones are white, but bones are soft,
 these are not soft nor white but frozen flint.
 Primeval burden from some outside void
 cold presses down
 weighs bears down
 stone iron
 strongest buildings bend and crack
 while we cannot run, cold even in our veins.

We plead
 with rime-thick lips for spring-warm
 savior's swift coming
 to melt this out-dated ice age back to freed streams of love.

Anne Marriott.

After Eliot, What?

Winter has the coldest months,
 Anthracite rises,
 The thermostat misses its cue,
 No one answers the hammering on the radiator.
 I could have been happy with Velma
 Except for the Baron . . .
 (O God, the sauerbrauten, and the Tyrol!) . . .
 We were good in bed in Biarritz,
 But Gloria Dawn shackled up with the oily Sicilian,
 (I could have used him as an extra.)
 I was losing eight grand a day,
 The script people and my cameramen never showed,
 But Dorothy, the kid from Des Moines,
 Read her lines perfectly,
 (We held a private runthrough in the casino.)
 After awhile I got drunk myself
 And went to the Greek's for scrambled eggs and a glass
 of sauterne.
 In the end I saw the two-headed skeleton in the closet
 And kept the light on all night
 Because I couldn't sleep . . .
 Those phrases kept buzzing around in my head.

Vernal House.

Isolt The Queen

If hearts were bent on using
 Love as a last resort,
 And breasts were built for bruising,
 And hips raised but in sport—

Then, then, my husband royal,
 You'd find me schooled in vice,
 A thing compliant, loyal,
 Apt at each lewd device.

But, breasts were made for taking
 A babe's or lover's head,
 And hearts were born for breaking,
 And loveless lips are dead.

George Walton.

The Burden of Junk

April again, and its message unvaried, the same old impromptu
 Dinned in our ears by the tireless dispassionate chortling of

Nature,
 Sunlight on gray land, the gray of the past like a landscape
 around us

Caught in its moment of nakedness also, a pitiful prospect
 Bared to the cognitive cruelty shining upon it: O season,
 Season that leads me again, like this road going over the
 mountain,

Past the old landmarks and ruins, the holdfasts of hope and
 ambition,—

Why is the light doubly hard on the desolate places? why
 even

Hardest of all on the tumbledown cabin of Corby the Trader?
 See, with its tarpaper hanging in tatters, the doorstep awash
 in a

Puddle of cow-dirt and kindling-chips, ringed with the mud
 of a fenceless

Yardful of rusty and broken machinery, washstands and
 bedsteads,

Bodies of buggies and berlots, the back seats of autos, bundles
 of

Chicken-wire, leaves of old wagon-springs and miscellaneous
 wheels . . . But

There is Corby himself in the mud and the sunshine, in front
 of the

Lean-to cow-shed, examining something that looks like a
 sideboard,

Bidding me stop and admire, and possibly make him an
 offer:

"Swapped the old three-teated cow for a genuine walnut
 harmonium!

Look, ain't a scratch or a break in it anywhere—pedals and
 stopples

Work just as good as a fellow could ask for! Over to Broome
 they

Say they used to cost four hundred dollars apiece from the
 factory . . ."

Here is the happy engrosser of objects, the absolute type of
 All who engage in the business of hoarding and shifting, the
 man who

Turns a putative profit into an immediate pleasure,
 Simply by adding a zero to his account with a self-owned
 Bank of Junk, and creates a beautiful mood of achievement
 Out of nothing at all . . . Ah here is the lord of the cipher,
 This is the man of the springtime, the avatar of Lyaeus!

We should be trading indeed, if we could, I think as I leave
 him.

Mine is a burden of lumber that ought to be left with him
 also,

This is where it belongs, with the wheels and the beds and
 the organ,

With all the personal trash that the body acquires and
 abandons,

Things that have made the heart warm and bewildered the
 senses with beauty

Long ago, but that weakened and crumbled away with the
 passion

Born of their brightness, the loves that a dreary process of
 dumping

Leaves at last on a hillside to rot away with the seasons.

John Glasco.

English translation ends at 1870), and the author was evidently ambitious to become a kind of Italian Tolstoy.

In fact, his novel has been compared by one or two English and Italian critics with *War and Peace*. The comparison seems to me badly misplaced. History scars the land and the people, and *The Mill on the Po* embraces a succession of events and a vast cast of characters. But the book lacks any very interesting principle of selection; there is nothing here, for example, to compare with the theory of history around which Tolstoy organized his material. I have to confess that I continually lost my way in *The Mill on the Po*, and that I could not resist the temptation to skip lightly over many parts of it.

The Mill on the Po also fails to provide any very distinct impression of a particular place and people, which is only one of the many things which Giovanni Verga's *The House by the Medlar Tree* does so very well. Verga was born in Sicily in 1840, and died there in 1922. For a number of years, however, he lived in Italy, where he turned out several popular romances; and even after he left behind the cosmopolitan society of the mainland cities to write about the people of his own island, foreign influence did not entirely disappear from his work. It was during a few years in the 1880's, shortly after he had returned to the family home, that Verga wrote the two novels and the handful of stories for which he should be remembered. A translation of *The House by the Medlar Tree*, which was originally called *I Malavoglia*, after the name of the family about which it was written, first appeared near the end of the last century, but has long been out of print. Later D. H. Lawrence translated the other Sicilian novel, *Mastro Don Gesualdo*, and two collections of Verga's stories, and also wrote revealing and sympathetic introductory essays about their author.

The House by the Medlar Tree was to be the first book in a trilogy which Verga intended to call *The Defeated*. As the general title indicates, Verga's vision of Sicilian life was a sombre one, though his books also have plenty of variety and a good deal of humor in them. *The House by the Medlar Tree* is the story of a family of poor fishermen, who struggle to hold on to the home in which so many of their members were born and died, to own outright the ancient boat which keeps them from the indignity of working for others, and to arrange decent marriages for their children. And of course they fail in their ambitions, and fail utterly. The second novel, *Mastro Don Gesualdo*, is the story of the slow rise and sudden ruin of a country landlord. The third novel in the trilogy was to have been the tragedy of an upper-class Sicilian family; but it was never completed, and during the last half of his life, for reasons which are apparently unknown, Verga fell silent.

But before his career as a writer was ended, Verga had achieved a good deal. Although it was written seventy years ago, *The House by the Medlar Tree* is astonishingly modern in feeling and style. It moves quickly, borne on by action and dialogue, with a minimum of exposition and no long digressions. And it catapults the reader immediately into the violent centre of village life: an existence tumultuous with gossip and argument, malicious, heedless, and often indifferent, caste-ridden and in many respects materialistic. Yet it is also an existence strong with a determination to struggle and if possible to survive, and while *The House by the Medlar Tree* is a tragedy about people who are often callous and mean enough, it is not finally a depressing, but rather a saddening, novel. There is too much life in it, and it has been written with too much vitality and compassion, to leave behind any feeling of bitterness and distaste.

"As a man," Lawrence wrote, "Verga never courted popularity any more than his work courts popularity. He

kept apart from all publicity, proud in his privacy . . ." And in that privacy he created a small body of work which merits a place in world literature. I urge you to read him.

ROBERT L. WEAVER.



SECURITY, LOYALTY, AND SCIENCE: Walter Gellhorn; Thomas Allen (Cornell University Press); pp. 300; \$3.50.

"When all the warnings had been sounded, they were simply ignored."

Security, Loyalty, and Science is a part of the Cornell series *Studies in Civil Liberty*, and its author is Professor of Law in Columbia University. Probably it is one of the most important books to be written since August of 1945, when man began to take his world apart. Yet, like many important books, this one will probably be read only by those who know its subject and agree with its conclusions—the scientists. Or, if read by those who should mark its lessons well—the dull, ignorant politicians and the even duller and more ignorant soldiers, it will be sneeringly dismissed as the vapors of an intellectual.

In this volume, evenly, coolly, and implacably, Professor Gellhorn sets down the facts about security, secrecy, and loyalty as currently interpreted in America. He examines, one by one, the effects of the security and loyalty programs upon the objects they were intended to protect. This is his conclusion, as sound as it is inescapable: "But, in the field of science . . . the loyalty and security programs have made only small and highly debatable advances toward the goal. Such as those advances are, they have been gained too dearly."

How small those advances have been (many of them have been retrogressions), how dearly gained, is told explicitly and with great force by the book; some idea may be conveyed by these passages:

"Apart from Dr. X's personal suffering, which must have been considerable, the episode has cost the Army the services of a man who had previously been willing and apparently able to advance its researches. 'Rough and ready justice' in personnel security matters is fundamentally unsound. The rougher it becomes the less ready we are likely to be.

"But by 1948 the emphasis that had prevailed during the war and immediately afterward was shifted. No longer was there a focus on activity as an indication of possible subversiveness. Thenceforward the test of danger was to be 'a reasonable belief that the individual involved has engaged in one or more of the following activities or associations . . .'

"A number of capable and personally irreproachable scientists who value that right (the right to be let alone by the Government) have simply withdrawn from important research positions because they reasonably feared that their relatives or friends, not they, would be smeared in clearance proceedings. Others for similar reasons have declined invitations to undertake assignments of national importance; in instance after instance those who are responsible for recruiting men for the more advanced jobs have confirmed this observation, some of the estimates rising as high as fifty per cent.

"In order to avoid doubt about their loyalty, federal medical scientists appear to have felt that they must remain ignorant of Soviet researches that might very possibly have furthered their own work in American laboratories."

Perhaps the best boomeranging clue to the utter inanity of the whole process is in the matter of the Atomic Energy Commission's "Declassification Guide." This is the document which contains the policies and data for determining what is open and what is classified—what may be made public and what must be kept secret. But, as Professor Gellhorn says, what those policies are cannot be discussed with precision, for the Declassification Guide which embodies them is itself a highly restricted document. Could any vicious circle be either more complete or more vicious?

But while this screening, this wholesale application of loyalty tests to scientists employed by (or seeking employment with) the Army, the Navy, or the AEC, has had bad enough results, it is in the wider implications that we must look for the most disturbing and devastating effects, here summed up very neatly:

"This 'new loyalty' as Professor Commager has summarized it, 'is, above all, conformity. It is the uncritical and unquestioning acceptance of America as it is—the political institutions, the social relationships, the economic practices. It rejects inquiry into the race question, or socialized medicine, or public housing, or into the wisdom or validity of our foreign policy. It regards as particularly heinous any challenge to what is called 'the system of private enterprise,' identifying that system with Americanism. It abandons evolution, it repudiates the once popular concept of progress, and regards America as a finished product, perfect and complete."

Educators, scientists, politicians who hope to become statesmen should read this book. Ordinary citizens should read it and, having read, should resolve not to let it happen here. But of course they won't read it, and anyway, it has happened here already. Our own authorities co-operated with the American AEC in the preparation of the ridiculous Declassification Guide mentioned above.

"When all the warnings had been sounded they were simply ignored." *Allan Sangster.*

WHITE MAN BOSS: "Adamastor"; Longmans, Green and Co.; pp. 240; \$3.00.

The purpose of this book is to describe the nationalist-minded Afrikaners of South Africa known as the Volk, who support Dr. Malan's detestable policy of racial segregation or *apartheid*. But the author makes it clear that while the Volk is the dominating power behind its hysterically repressive policies, only a handful of liberal thinking whites, whether Afrikaners or English-speaking, do not tacitly support or apathetically tolerate the odious racial measures of this pint-sized Herrenvolk. Though the largely English-speaking United Party is opposed to and by Malan's Nationalists on racial and cultural grounds, both agree fundamentally on the color question, even if their language about it differs. Despite his virulence, "Adamastor" is frequently alive to the bitter ironies perpetrated by stupid prejudice.

For a clear insight into the psychology of the Volk, as well as up-to-date information, this book is essential. But it is unfortunate that the author thus lays his emphasis without giving *apartheid* its whole significance. He is too intent on exposing their "tribal" or "laager" mentality and is angry because, in trying to prevent its "suicide," they threaten South Africa's future more than anyone else. While inevitably he continually discusses their treatment of the African since all political questions in South Africa are

ultimately native questions, he stresses his hatred of the Volk rather than the injustices to the Bantu and the colored peoples.

Consequently, he all but glosses over the larger issues: the future of Africa and the African; the primary economic value of the black to the white man as a political fact; black and white labor relations; the full significance of miscegenation; the vital need for the world to realize that all Africa, particularly the southern parts at present, are areas in which they must safeguard the future. *David Parsons.*

THREE EXEMPLARY NOVELS: Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; Macmillan (Viking); pp. 232; \$7.00.

Cervantes says, perhaps with his tongue in his cheek, that every one of the stories in his *Novelas Ejemplares* affords a useful example to the reader. Of the three brought together here in Samuel Putnam's translation, "Rinconete and Cortadillo" shows that roguery to be successful needs organization. Two young rascals in Seville are so adept at cutting purses and cardsharpping that they are admitted to a confraternity of godfearing thieves and whores without serving the customary one year's apprenticeship. The members of this amiable brotherhood operate a college for instruction in the various branches of their trade, commit mayhem by contract, split their swag with their protectors in the municipal government, and devote a percentage of the net earnings to the services of the Church. They live gaily and dangerously here and hope to live happily hereafter.

The "Man of Glass" shows that, out of idle curiosity, people will accept from a madman the wisdom they will not tolerate from the sane. A learned and traveled scholar inadvertently drinks a poison which, although not depriving him of his intelligence, leaves him suffering from the delusion that he is now a man of glass. In his madness he makes perspicacious comments on the vices of most trades and professions and stinging criticisms of the foibles of his time. Save for his delusion, Cervantes innocently remarks, he seems the sanest man in the world. When he recovers his mental health and goes on talking in the same way, he is shunned and reduced to beggary.

The social and moral satirist is revealed again in "The Colloquy of the Dogs." Two dogs, suddenly and strangely endowed with the gift of logical discourse, agree that the difference between men and brutes lies in the fact that man is a rational animal and the brute is an irrational one. Then, in relating their adventures among men, they unfold a tale of treachery, deceit, lechery, buffoonery, backbiting, pride, and stupidity. "Upon my word, Cipion," says one dog to the other, "you have to be very wise and very much up on your toes if you want to keep up a conversation for a couple of hours without slandering someone." Cervantes also takes passing swings at pastoral romancers, pedants who parade their Latin, theatrical producers, and other ubiquitous pests.

The translation reads well, the notes are excellent, and the illustrations by Luis Quiretánilla are admirably in keeping with the text. Good paper, good printing, and good format make this book a delight to read.

Carlyle King.

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION 1917-1923, Vol. I: E. H. Carr; Macmillan; pp. x and 430; \$5.00.

We have here what is designed as the first of a complete history of Russia since the Revolution. As is confessed in the introduction, the project in process has become extended so that this is only the first of three volumes on this topic, to be followed later by a consideration of "The Struggle for Power, 1923-1928." The first volume leaves for later "The Economic Order" and "Soviet Russia and the World" in this

period. Here we are concerned with the preparations for the Revolution and with the constitutional structure and its attainment. From the Marxist viewpoint such an order would hardly seem logical; it certainly causes odd breaks which make the other two volumes (due this year) necessary for a full understanding of this.

After the author's *Studies in Revolution* this disappoints in one major respect. In the first part alone do personalities stand out; thereafter they are lost in the revolution and its framework. Lenin is the only man we approach at all; Trotsky, Stalin, Zinoviev and the rest move as doubtful shadows across the canvas. Perhaps it is for the same reason, the author's interest in the dominant and the major patterns, that the civil war plays such a small part. We are not concerned with disorganization but only with the building up of Soviet power in the various areas. Often the book ceases to be history, and becomes a series of regional comparisons in the methodology of the revolution.

Here light is thrown on the similar process in China today. Throughout the modern parallels must spring to the mind, whether in the East European or the Chinese revolution. It is right that they should for, while the historian may deny that history repeats itself, in the working of the Marxist dialectic the pattern is being forced on history. We may learn much for the present from a study of this period. Need one cite the purges of 1921 and the hostility to the intellectuals once the revolution is established?

Of much in the revolution the author takes a sympathetic view. He cites Lenin's tenderness for anarchists and his freeing of the young officer cadets captured in the Winter Palace, when discussing the terror. The sixth All-Russian Congress of Soviets made "the first of a series of sincere, though

ultimately unavailing, attempts to check the exercise of arbitrary power by the security organs of the republic." Why should we thus mitigate the essential nature of Lenin and of the party? They realized they were warring in a hostile world; they felt that the nature of the struggle forced ruthlessness upon them. None tried to understand or combat the necessary degeneration of character that would follow from the use of such methods.

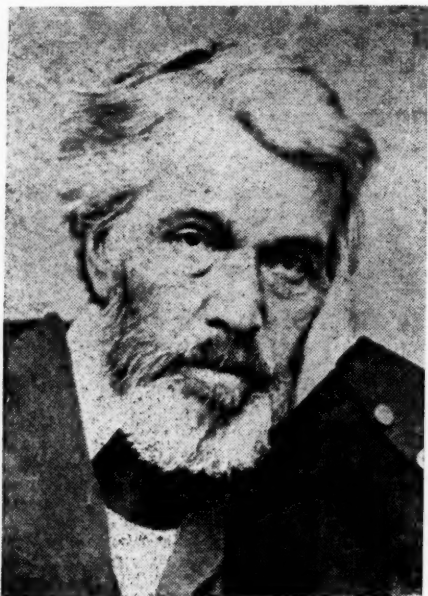
Similarly, in speaking of the border areas, Carr says, "intentions were sincere, and achievements real." Is such a statement of much value when we turn the page to find that "strong and partly successful efforts were made to counteract these centralizing tendencies in the administrative machine"? Carr may have a point of view on the events he describes but as a good historian he gives enough material for different conclusions to be drawn.

George Bennett.

ONTARIO IN YOUR CAR: John and Marjorie Mackenzie; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 291; \$2.50.

The Mackenzies have dedicated this book to twenty million American tourists. Undoubtedly, it is a useful book for a tourist, even a Canadian tourist, to have in the glove compartment of his car. But a copy might also be kept on a handy bookshelf at home, where it can be picked up whenever one wishes to look up some place in Ontario that has come up in conversation or is referred to in the newspaper.

This little book can be read for its own sake by persons who are not tourists, even by those who do not have a car. With its aid it is possible for any person to take to the highway at any time, vicariously viewing the Ontario countryside through the observant eyes of the Mackenzies,



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The Mackenzies begin their tour where they are most likely to meet visiting Americans: at the Peace Bridge and Fort Erie. From there they visit spots in the Niagara Peninsula on the way to Toronto. Going north from Toronto, they visit Muskoka, Georgian Bay, and points as far north as Kapuskasing, and as far west as Lake of the Woods. Returning, they cover Old, and Eastern Ontario, not forgetting Kingston and Ottawa.

What removes this book from the guide-book category is the way in which it is written; to put it plainly, the Mackenzies write well. As they go along, they touch on the history of places they visit, as well as items of present-day interest, and in this they show fine discrimination. They know their history, and one feels that they spare no pains to get their facts straight. Also, when they have a good word to say for a hotel or other catering place, one feels that their judgment can be trusted.

D. M. LeBourdais.

THE COMMON MAN: G. K. Chesterton; Palm Publishers (Sheed & Ward); pp. 279; \$2.50.

These essays which for one reason or another Chesterton did not publish have been rescued and arranged by his literary executor. Some of them, such as the very clever title essay, are timeless in their interest. Others are already outdated. Reading Chesterton today one is reminded of a line from a recently popular play: "(Mr. Chesterton) You have the most wonderful mediaeval mind of the twentieth century." Nevertheless, his incomparable ability to put his paradoxical truths in the neatest of nutshells never ceases to be a delightful literary feat. When one considers the quality of the English journalists such as Chesterton, Agate, Ivor Brown, *et al*, their counterparts on this continent seem either ponderous or frivolous. It seems likely that a latter day Chesterton would starve. Yet the supreme paradox of this collection seems to be that in some matters he was so reactionary he is now avant garde!

H. T. K.

COLLECTED IMPRESSIONS: Elizabeth Bowen; Longmans, Green; pp. 269; \$3.75.

The best pieces in this volume deal with the art of fiction. In her preface to *The Faber Book of Modern Short Stories* Miss Bowen describes the art of Tchekov and Maupassant and traces the influence of these masters on the contemporary English short story. Although she generously (and accurately) acknowledges the superior workmanship and vitality of the American short story, one feels that her own taste is for comeliness and restraint. A short story, she tells us, must have completeness, "spherical perfection," and must have implications which will continue when the story is done.

The same emphasis upon form emerges from her discussions of the novel. "For the form's sake, one is always having to make relentless exclusions"; nine-tenths of the matter that offers itself to the imagination must be rejected. There is no place in the novel for "vague romanticized feeling or the received idea," nor is it "the parade-ground of indignation or fantasy." Miss Bowen approves of Maugham because he does not maunder, exhibit, or denounce, and of Trollope because he worked out his plot in advance and stuck to it with the single-minded directness of a countryman driving his pigs to market. As she puts it in "Notes on Writing a Novel," plot is "the knowing of destination." Action in the novel must be toward an end not to be foreseen by the reader but also toward an end which is inevitable and is so recognized when the end is reached. The novelist perceives his

characters gradually as they emerge, having made their choices, from the unfolding of an inevitable tale.

The "Notes on Writing a Novel" is full of perceptive comment; it is a capital discussion of the art. The theory of this commentary is applied in many short book reviews, which altogether make up about half the pages of *Collected Impressions*. Miss Bowen is at her best in comment on women novelists, like Virginia Woolf, "the extreme and final product of the English liberal mind"; or Ivy Compton-Burnett, whose genius "puts out creatures to which it might defy life to approximate"; or Anne Douglas Sedgwick, "the novelist of intelligent, smiling drawing-rooms, of security, of one's precocious childhood."

There are also two pieces of semi-autobiography, one on her school and one on her Irish home, and a small group of essays on "Plays, Pictures, Places," which includes a blistering of Royal Academy art. Miss Bowen deprecates these and the reviews as journalism, but the reader is struck by the intellectual vigor and incisive writing of pieces turned out from week to week to meet editorial deadlines.

Carlyle King.

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RED RIBBON ON A WHITE HORSE: Anzia Yezierska, with an introduction by W. H. Auden; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 220; \$3.75.

Out of the squalor of New York's lower East Side, a young girl is summoned by the magic wand of Hollywood one day in the 1920's. Her novel, *Hungry Hearts*, has been bought by the movies and is destined to become a sensational box-office success.

But Miss Yezierska is not a Cinderella or an Elinor Glyn or Alice Duer Miller. She must follow the dybbuk that taunts within her. And so she leaves Hollywood. In *Red Ribbon On a White Horse* she takes us on the long search throughout the years of her life. One has the feeling that a woman of talent is writing, but one has also the feeling that Miss Yezierska has more to tell. Toward the end of the book, a friend says to her, "You put up a wall around you that shuts people out." Perhaps this revealing autobiography will help Miss Yezierska break down that wall. If it does, her next book should be even more rewarding to the reader.

P.M.

PIERROT: Raymond Queneau, translated by J. Maclaren-Ross; Longmans, Green & Co.; pp. 198; \$2.25.

A mixture of fantasy and realism, this novel is cleverly done. Heavier-handed writers on the theme of the tragic comedians who cling so desperately to the edge of the social abyss might learn something from M. Queneau's Gallic lightness of touch.

The characters are Parisian carnival people, grotesques, and while their vocabulary is expressively lewd, the same old obscenities repeated by every character become very

tiresome. Their talk is translated into that of the London underworld reminiscent of Llewellyn's *None But The Lonely Heart* but there is none of the English novel's sentimentality. The chimpanzee episode will be found to be hilariously funny by the reader who does not take humanity's fatal weaknesses too seriously.

Pierrot will not be everybody's dish. It calls for a Rabelaisian sense of humor and of satire. Nevertheless it is skilful and original albeit the faunish air gets a little high at times.

H. T. K.

PLAYWRITING CONTEST

The Ottawa Drama League Workshop announces its Thirteenth Annual Playwriting Contest with a prize of one hundred dollars for the best original one-act play, second and third prizes of seventy-five and fifty dollars respectively. The closing date is June 15, 1951. Copies of the rules of the contest may be obtained from: Mrs. Roy MacGregor Watt, 244 Powell Ave., Ottawa, Ontario.

Our Contributors

HARRY J. WISGLASS is director of research and education, Toronto Joint Board, Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, and part-time lecturer with the Institute of Business Administration, University of Toronto . . . DORIS FRENCH is a former correspondent for the Co-operative Press Association and associate member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery. She is at present an Ottawa housewife who writes freelance fiction . . . ROBERT ALEXANDER, a frequent contributor of articles on Latin America, is on the staff of Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J.

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